

(7.) THE
DEPENDENT PATRIOT:
OR
MUSICAL FOLLY.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

*Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?*
Juven. Sat. i. 31.

L O N D O N :

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To the Right Honourable

R I C H A R D

E A R L of Burlington, &c.

My LORD,

AS the skilful Statuary first casts a Model, exactly proportion'd, of his intended Work, so shou'd the Dramatic Author fix upon some Personage of distinguish'd Worth, as the Model by which he is to draw the Hero of his Drama. I had this Precaution before I attempted Sketching out the Character of my *Independent Patriot*: But I own with Confusion, tho' I had so perfect a Model as your Lordship in View, I came far short of those Excellencies that shine in you, or indeed of my own Idea of them. It is true, I have drawn my *Medium* an Enemy to Corruption, and the false Taste of the Age; I produce him Impartial in his Legislative Capacity, Zealous in the genuine

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DEDICATION.

Interest of his Country, and a Despiser of the Covetous of all Party Denominations be their Professions never so specious. So far, my Dramatic Hero bears some Resemblance of the great Model I draw from; but I found it a Task too difficult to copy that Greatness of Soul, that Grandeur without Pride, that courteous Affability towards Inferiors, that Humanity to the Distress'd, that generous Disinterestedness in all your Actions, or that noble Thirst of improving the Taste of your Cotemporaries, and of embellishing your Country, in Imitation of those fam'd Patriots of Ancient *Rome*, that so happily distinguish your Lordship in the present Age, and will convey your Memory to grateful, future Generations.

I say grateful, my Lord, because I can't conceive so mean an Opinion of *England's* succeeding Sons, as to doubt they will not revere the Memory of one that had, with great Expence and unweary'd Application, rais'd such Noble Monuments of the exactest Architecture, as will be the Glory of their Country, and the Admiration of all the Nations around them. When they shall see the Youth of *Europe* turn their Backs to *France*, and even to *Italy*, in order to improve here that Taste for Building, which, till your Lordship's Days, was scarcely known in the Island. I say, when this shall happen, as surely it will, grateful Posterity will bless the Noble Architect that had been the Instrument of drawing that Concourse of Foreigners to their Shores.

Were I skill'd in that noble Science which your Lordship has so conspicuously improved to the Benefit of your Country, I might shew here how judiciously

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judiciously you avoid the Defects of the *Italians* and preserve their Excellencies; I might expatiate on the Exactness of your Proportions, and your discerning Regard to the Difference of our Climate from those of other Countries less boisterous and inclement. But, my Lord, some abler, tho' not more grateful, modern Pen will do that Justice to your Merit which mine is incapable of. A People who owe to Your Lordship most, if not all, that is either useful or elegant in their late Buildings, either publick or private, and who are indebted to You for any Purity in their Taste either for Sculpture or Painting, can never enough testify their Sense of the Obligations they lie under.

To see a Nobleman, in the Bloom of Youth and the Height of Affluence, travel but to improve his Mind for the Embellishment of his Country; and to see him afterwards, at the Expence of his Time and Fortune, studiously pursuing that glorious End he had in View at his first setting out, must necessarily endear him to all his Fellow-Subjects.

Happy had it been for themselves, and for their Country, if all our travelling Youth of Condition had followed the Example of Your Lordship: Had they, like You, turn'd their Thoughts to the solid and useful, we should not have seen so many of them returning frighted only with the Weaknesses and Vanities of Foreigners. Had they, like Your Lordship, studied to improve first their own Taste, and next that of their Country, there would have been no Foundation for satyrizing that affected, false, modern, musical Taste, which partly gave rise to the following Scenes. But, my Lord,

in

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in a Country where general Excess is as it were blended with the Nature of her Inhabitants, even a *Boyle* cannot hope to work a thorough Reformation.

As for the Piece which I here do my self the Honour to publish under your Lordship's Patronage, I am far from thinking it has any Merit to render it worthy of the Great Name I take the Liberty to affix to it. The most I can or shall say for it, is, that the Subject is intirely new; that I am not conscious to have borrow'd one single Thought or Expression from any other Dramatic Performance, either native or foreign, and that however I may have miscarry'd in the executive Part of my Drama, my Design was solely founded on that *Amor Patriæ*, with which every virtuous, Patriot Breast shou'd glow. If it shou'd procure me the Honour of your Lordship's good Opinion, as it gives me an Opportunity of declaring to the Publick, how much I think our *English* World stands indebted to You and your great Ancestors, it will answer all the Purposes of my Ambition. I am with the most profound Respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most humble and most devoted

obedient Servant,

FRAN. LYNCH.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

It has been Frenzy deem'd, a War to wage
Against the reigning Follies of the Age.
Tho', as to Knights of old, more Glory grows
From conquer'd Monsters than from equal Foes.
But, when the many will the Cause maintain,
Censure is lost, and Satyr grins in vain.
Such is our Author's Combat of to-night;
Boldly he strikes at your refin'd Delight:
At Musick's Trunk the furious Ax he drives,
Nor fears Prevention from the Ladies Eyes.
By a late * Instance they seem well inclin'd,
To make the Ear the Passage to the Mind;
And Shakespear smiles to be with tender Care,
Old as he is, supported by the Fair.
The Beaux, his greatest Obstacle will stand,
Who seldom like what they can understand.
His other Labour strives to make you see,
Not what the common Patriot is--- but ought to be.
With fair Distinction points out to you all,
The Real Patriot, and the Nominal;
Now some rail only, to obtain a Post,
And design least, when they profess the most.
How he has work'd the Scene, he leaves to you:
Censure—— but keep Good-nature in your View:
Impartially avoid Extremes, and then,
You'll judge with Candour, and yet judge like Men.

* Alluding to the Ladies Subscription, this Winter, for the Revival
Shakespear's Plays.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

Alderman Export, a Merchant of London, Mr. Lion.
Sanguine, a nominal Patriot, in love with } Mr. Wright.
Julia,
Medium, a Man of strict Honour, in- } Mr. Johnson.
clin'd to court Dulciffa,
Gripeacre, an old covetous Dissenter, } Mr. W. Giffard.
courts Lady Warble,
Addle, Gripeacre's Kinsman, a Fop, de- } Mr. Giffard.
sign'd for Dulciffa,
Bamwell, a young Barrister, Nephew to } Mr. Barden.
Export,
Roseband, Lady Warble's Chaplain, Mr. Havard.
Spruce, Valet de Chambre to Medium, Mr. Woodward.

W O M E N.

Lady Warble, a travelling, musical Wi- } Mrs. Roberts.
dow, Sister to Export, promised to
Roseband,
Julia, Export's Daughter, courted by } Mrs. Giffard.
Sanguine, but secretly in love with
Medium,
Dulciffa, Neice to Gripeacre, an Ad- } Mrs. Hamilton.
miration of Italian Musick,
Jaqueline, Lady Warble's Relation, Mrs. Charke.
Charlotte, a Lady of Fashion, seduc'd by } Mrs. Hughes.
Sanguine,

Musicians, Dancers, and Servants.

S C E N E, London.

T H



THE
INDEPENDENT PATRIOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, SANGUINE's House.

Enter SANGUINE and MEDIUM.

SANGUINE.

MODERN as she is, the Woman will still get the better of her Taste for Musick; and I can't see how you'll be able to convince her you are not of the mutilated, chanting Tribe—a *Farinelli* may charm the Ear; but you know, *Ned*, Women expect the Gratification of more Senses than one.

Med. You forget you're to introduce me as a Man of Quality—The Devil's in't if she suspect Rank and Title. But to establish my Character beyond any doubt, you shall insinuate that Gallantries with certain *Roman* Princesses had oblig'd me to leave *Italy*.

Sang. You wou'd pass for a consummate Rake then? Can't you contrive a Disguise exempt from any such Inconvenience?

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Med.

Med. None that will answer my Purpose so well—The reigning Taste's all *Italian*. Musick has ingross'd the Attention of the whole People: The Dutchess and her Woman, the Duke and his Postilion, are equally infected—The Contagion first took Root in the shallow Noddles of such of our itinerant Coxcombs as were incapable of more virtuous Impressions, and——

Sang. No, *Medium*; 'twas rather the Offspring of cool Villany, imported and propagated, like our other Luxuries, for Purposes injurious to Liberty—Oh, my Friend! How gloomy's the Prospect before us!

Med. Hark'ye, *Sanguine*, sacrifice this Day to the Purposes of Love, or by this Light, I'll blow up your City Mine: You know I can readily do your Business with *Julia*, by discovering your Affair with *Charlotte*—Faith, *Frank*, that poor young Creature's Fate's very hard.

Sang. 'Sdeath! Have not I maintain'd her genteelly? What wou'd a silly Woman have more? When I marry, I'll make handsome Provision for her and her Children.

Med. What Provision can atone for Loss of Reputation? Consider, she was born a Gentlewoman.

Sang. Yes, with all the Appetites of one—*Charlotte* was Mother *Eve*'s own Daughter, impatient of Knowledge—If I had not been in the way, she wou'd have fought out some other Instructor.

Med. May be not, *Eve* wou'd have been innocent if she had not been seduced.

Sang. And the Seducer wou'd have been disappointed, if she had been truly virtuous.

Med. I shou'd not be the Man to put the Virtue of a Woman of Condition to the Test—But you and I have different Notions of Honour, in regard to the Sex—I've done.

Sang. I wish you wou'd have done with *Dulcissa*; you'll never make any good of her.

Med. I shall never attempt her Honour, tho' I shou'd fail of making her a Wife—But why all this Aversion to my Designs on that Woman more than any other?

Sang.

Sang. Because of all Women, I think her the unfittest for you.

Med. You forget, sure, that you were lately of another Opinion——Pr'ythee, *Frank*, be more consistent——

Sang. Nay, nay; if you're determin'd, proceed; I'm all Attention——*Addle's* your Rival; the *Puppy's* Modern, has the Uncle's Consent; he must be circumvented, and without Disguise 'tis impracticable——Is not this the whole of what you wou'd say?——Now pray, why might not one of your Figure bid fairer for the modish Toy in *propria Persona*, than with the tallow, swarthy Complexion of a debilitated *Italian*?

Med. Native Charms have already fail'd me——*Dulcissa* has the travelling musical Itch strong upon her, ever since she has known Lady *Warble*. Musick's her Idol, and *Italy* her Paradise: The Girl's quite alter'd; but vitiated as her Taste is, it must be indulg'd; and *Signior Sonata*, my Appellation to be, is more likely to be relish'd than plain, home-spun *Edward Medium*. The Word *Sonata* is harmonious of it self, but with the Addition of *Signior*, 'tis irresistible. Ha, ha!

Sang. The Words *Signior Sonata* slip smoothly off a modish Tongue, but I shou'd think, *Monsieur le Marquis* wou'd tingle prettier in the vain Ears of a modern Coquette.

Med. I tell thee, *Italian's* the Pink of the Mode; and a Man may as soon hope to rise in the Church by Piety and Learning, as expect to succeed with the common Run of our modern Women of Fashion, except he keep up to the Tip-top of the reigning Taste——The *French* have had their Time on't; but ever since the sham *Marquis Cregui's* Days, our Women are quite sick of the Nation.

Sang. Wou'd to Heav'n, the Disrelish had reach'd our Men as early, 'twou'd have saved poor *England* many a Million, *Medium*, our Forefathers were rough, but wise and valiant: They prudently kept that insinuating, ambitious People at Arm's Length——but, alas! my

The Independent Patriot.

Friend! the Scene's strangely alter'd—To resent national Wrongs, is as unfashionable, as——

Med. Gad, *Frank*, you'll ne'er rise to a red Ribband, while you continue in this homely way of thinking.

Sang. Damn all Ribbands that shou'd seduce a Man from the Interest of his Country!—My Curse on the first Inventors of Badges and Titles! They've done *England* more real Injury than her religious Hypocrites. 'Tis strange, and yet 'tis too true, my Friend; that Shreds of Blue, Green and Red have injur'd old *England* more essentially than all her Wars with *France*.

Med. In this very manner have I heard your Rival, Lord *Lovegain*, rail at Power, just before he deign'd to lick her Heels—shou'd we see thee, *Frank*, like him, drop your favourite *Albion*—Ha, ha!

Sang. Drop my dear Country! No, *Ned*; I'll be buried in her Ruins first. Not the Smiles nor Frowns of the Great, nor Honours, Titles, nor the whole Power of the Treasury shou'd induce me to swerve from that Duty I owe to my Country.

Med. Ha, ha! Truly Heroick! The younger *Cato* every Inch of you—A Leash of Hundreds of such obstinate Fellows as you, wou'd make rare Work in *St. Stephen's Chapel*. Ha, ha!

Sang. Yes, *Ned*, we'd work Miracles there; that is, we shou'd make the remaining two hundred and fifty honest in spite o' their Teeth.

Med. Ha, ha! The Work wou'd be unfinish'd, *Frank*, if your Miracles did not extend beyond the Reach of the *Speaker's Mace*.

Sang. True, my Friend; but Ambition and Avarice have rais'd such a Bulwark near the *Painted Chamber*, as all the Artillery of the *Vatican* cou'd not level in an Age—Oh, *Medium*! I shudder, I shrink, when I reflect on the present Degeneracy of my Countrymen.

Med. Ridiculous!—Fore-gad, this eternal Patriot-din is insufferable.

Sang.

Sang. Your Indolence is much more so: It sullies your Understanding— You inadvertently serve those, whose Morals you detest, without Reflexion or Reward; and disserve your Country whom I know you love, without considering the Injury you do her, or to your own Honour— *Ned*, my Friendship for you won't permit me to suspect your Integrity, or——

Med. Dear *Sanguine*! Accuse me of Indolence, Pleasure, or any thing but Insincerity; a Baseness, my Soul abhors.

Sang. I believe thee honest; for if you had not been strictly so, the Creatures of Power wou'd have purloin'd you from us before now; 'tis true your Indolence answers all the Purposes of a Minister, as effectually as if you had receiv'd his Pay: But as your Name wou'd lengthen his Muster-roll, and your Person grace his Levée; I don't doubt but you have been tamper'd with to wear the Livery.

Med. Several Attempts, I assure you, have been made upon me; but Indentures at my Years, was the Devil.

Sang. And yet, I cou'd count some Dozens of gray-headed Villains that had sign'd and seal'd past their Grand Climacteric— Curs'd Avarice and Ambition!

Med. Vices, I've not hitherto been acquainted with, thank my Stars— The Items of my Account consist chiefly of Sins of Omission, except here and there one of Intemperance, and a very few of simple Unchastity in low Life.

Sang. What! Not a single Item of Adultery, *Ned*? Ha, my Friend!

Med. You've a plaguy good Memory, *Frank*—Gad, that silly *Oxford* Gambol stood me in a Brace of Hundreds, tho' faith, I was but intentionally guilty.

Sang. To repair the Parsonage-House, ha, ha! And little enough, let me tell you, considering you had invaded the Rights of the Church— *Ned*, you're too, too honest for the Age we live in— Faith, you shall not pursue this vain, flirting Creature—let me advise you to drop her for some neighbouring Gentleman's Child unacquaint-

ed with the vicious Gaieties of this wicked Town—The Extravagances of the Wife often oblige the Husband to throw himself into the Arms of Power—Besides, your Country's immediately interested in your Choice: Shou'd you be ally'd to old *Gripeacre*, her Uncle, I give you up—That canting Purveyor wou'd certainly corrupt your Morals; and, indolent as you are, our Party wou'd be weaken'd by your Desertion.

Med. The Devil! Mother-Country drawn out upon me on every Occasion!—I lay no Claim to Infallibility; but I fancy, *Frank*, you might be as soon argued out of your Patriotism as I, with all my Indolence—*Gripeacre* may be the Jack-call of Power for any thing I know of him—you may be better acquainted with his Vocation. I never was in the old Rascal's Company but once at *Lord Proteus'*, and yet he had the Impudence to introduce one of his short Clokes to me, to argue me into a favourable Opinion of his dissenting Flock.

Sang. The last Sessions, I suppose.

Med. Yes—There, *Frank*, I voted with the Minister, as I shall whenever I think him in the right—I never differ'd with him out of Pique or Prejudice.

Sang. Ah! Dear *Medium*! Name not Ministers to me—my Soul shrinks at the bare mention of the Word—The ministerial Wounds given my Country, since I've known the World, bleed afresh, whenever mention's made of that iniquitous Generation.

Med. Exquisite Enthusiasm! 'Sdeath Man! Can this or any Government, or your Constitution, you so much rave of, subsist without those subordinate Executors of Power?

Sang. Oh! the dear ancient Constitution! How mangled, how defaced! That, that glorious Sound, my Friend, calls forth all that's Patriot in my Blood—I'd shake Hands with Beggary, Contempt, and all the other Ills of Life to re-establish that sacred Corner-Stone of my Country's Freedom.

Med. Hy-day! A second *Brutus* in the *Rostrum*!—But why all this unnecessary Parade of your Patriotism before

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before me? Pr'ythee, dear *Sanguine*, husband your Talents in private, and exert 'em more in publick than you had done of late.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Gripeacre's* at the Door. Is your Honour at leisure?

[*To Sanguine.*
Sang. [*Confus'd.*] No, Damn the old Fool! [*Servant going.*] Te, te, tell him the Lawyer has not sent the Writings. He shall know when I wou'd meet him at the Conveyancer's Chambers — D'ye hear, Sirrah? [*Exit Servant.*] This old Rascal has such an Itch to Land, he hunts a Man to Death that treats with him — I hate the old Villain; but he was the best Bidder for my Northern Estate; and you know, *Ned*, one's oblig'd to deal with Villains sometimes.

Med. I wish I may never know a greater Villain than *Gripeacre*. *Frank*, there are many Classes of the Fraternity — Your smooth cringing Villains ply, for the most part, about Court; but your noisy, blustering Villains generally take their Stand at the Elbow of the credulous and honest — But, what have you or I to do with the Villany of the Age? *Dulcissa* is *Gripeacre's* Niece, and he can't transplant his Acres to the Regions below, that's my Comfort, Ha, ha! — Well, *Frank*, where will you be about One? I reckon I shall be completely *Italianiz'd* by that time?

Sang. At Lord *Steady's* with the old honest Cit.

Med. Much too honest for thee, or I'm mistaken. [*Aside.* No, rather call at my Lodgings; 'twou'd be improper for *Signior Sonata* to appear in Publick before he has paid his Devoirs to Lady *Warble*, and the celebrated *Dulcissa*, who never fails to grace her Ladyship's Toilet. Ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Addle*. Is your Honour pleas'd to be at leisure?
[*To Sang.*

Med. By all means, *Frank*; we shall get some Family Secrets out of the Fool ———

Sang. Shew him up. [*Exit Servant.*] And yet he's more a Favourite with the Ladies than Lord Gentle with all his Sense and Eloquence; I wish he mayn't be too many for the harmonious Signior Sonata, Ha, ha! Here he comes brim-full of some mighty Secret which has ran the Gantlope through half the modish Tea-Tables in Town.

Enter Addle.

Addle. 'Morrow, dear *Sanguine* ——— I've ten thousand Secrets for thee, my Dear ——— 'Gad, *Frank*, I've spoil'd a Couple o' the best Nags in *Europe* to serve thee ——— My poor Duns! Ah, *Frank*! How valuable a Jewel's a true Friend! ——— Mr. *Medium* here! ——— Dear *Ned* ——— [*Salutes.*] Pardon the unpolite Neglect ——— How the Devil came this prying Fellow here? [*Aside to Sanguine.*

Med. I pardon you, on Condition you instantly out with the News. I take upon me to say it can be no Secret that thou art Bearer of. Ha, ha!

Addle. You may be mistaken, with all your Wisdom.

Med. Come, come, Man, unbosom quickly or you'll burst.

Sang. Out with it; *Addle* ——— *Medium's* my Friend. I dare trust him with the Reputation of a Dutcheß.

Addle. Gad, *Frank*, Reputation's a precious Commodity now-a-days ——— I know but very few fashionable Ladies deal in it, and as for the unfashionable, they're a sort of People I ne'er converse with ——— I leave that virtuous Generation to you Guardians of our Liberties. Ha, ha, ha!

Sang. Comical Rogue! Come, come, the Secret.

Addle. Well, look to it, *Frank* — Gad, if 'tis reveal'd, and a certain Peer shou'd take it in his Head to make me accountable for it, thee shall stand my Second.

Med.

Med. Oh, never fear, *Mr. Addle*. My Lord will content himself with the Familiarities of the Toe — Ha, ha!

Addle. Gad, *Medium*, I'd have thee to know I can manage the Toes with e'er a Peer in the Nation. [*Capers.*] Shew me any Lord of 'em all can do as much. Ah! [*Capers again.*] No, no, *Ned*, most of their Lordships have too much Lead at the Extremities to fly like your humble Servant.

Med. Ha, ha! Well, *Addle*, thou art certainly one or other the happiest Fellow in Nature. Always gay, always good-humour'd — Thy Fame rings at all the fashionable Toilets and Assemblies in Town.

Addle. Smoke the Senator — Jealousy, red hot Jealousy, rat me. — Gad, he shall have it to the quick. [*Aside to Sanguine.*] Why, truly, *Mr. Medium*, there is a certain, bright, little Circle near *Grosvenor-Square*, where I've the good Fortune to be well receiv'd, ever since a certain wise Gentleman of your Acquaintance had been proscrib'd for speaking irreverently of Sound and Melody — Ha, ha — I shall certainly crack my small Ribs, *Frank*; Ha, ha, ha!

Med. Wisdom, it seems, was not the Avenue to the good Graces of the Circle you mean.

Addle. Not that sort of Wisdom acquir'd amongst Horses and Hounds, *Mr. Medium*. The Ladies of this Age know better things. Ha, ha — The Country 'Squire's quite o' Fashion, Gad. Ha, ha, ha!

Sang. *Addle's* too many for you, *Ned* — He's the Hero of the modern Fair — Lady *Warble* has presented him a Shield which renders him Invulnerable. Ha, ha!

Addle. In every part but the Breast, *Frank*, Ha, ha, ha! And a certain young Nymph in her Train has been at the pains of painting a Couple of bleeding Hearts upon't. Ha, ha, ha!

Sang. Which in time, my good *Addle*, she may change to an *Actæon's* Head. Ha, ha!

Addle.

Addle. Cruel *Sanguine*! Canst thee stand by to see fair Play without handling the Weapons——A Legislator stand in need of a Second! Ha, ha, ha!

Med. Yes, *Addle*, when he encounters with a Shadow.

Addle. Now, Gad; I'll be judg'd by *Sanguine*, if I ben't stronger made and better put together than *Bob Shamble*, whom all the Ladies cry'd up for a smart Fellow; and at last was ran away with by an Heiress.

Med. Ay; but *Shamble* had a Head, *Addle*.

Sang. And so has my Friend here; just such a one as *Dulcissa* wou'd wish to plant upon. Ha, ha!

Addle. You mistake, *Sanguine*; that Honour's reserved for Mr. *Medium*'s wiser Forehead. Ha, ha, ha!

Med. Sneering Puppy! [*Aside.*] Well, *Frank*, I must about the Business you know——You'll be punctual. [*Exit.*]

Addle. He may about any Business, but *Dulcissa*'s——His Work's done there, I can assure him——Vain Creature!——Cou'd he, with that aukward, old *English* Mien of his, hope to charm the Polite and Gay——A Wretch, *Frank*, a mere Country Put.

Sang. You're wrong, *Addle*. *Medium*'s a good pretty Fellow; he has read Men and Books.

Addle. He has not read Women, *Frank*——Wou'd he make his Fortune with the Fair, he must read and study 'em hard as I have——He must come to my School to fit him for the polite Conversation o' the Sex——He's a mere Driveler at a Toilet——At a Concert, he's a Log; in short, he's an Oaf.

Sang. He has travell'd, *Addle*; and there he has the Advantage of thee.

Addle. True; he has been in *Italy*; but the Fellow has no Taste, *Frank*; no Taste in Nature——The Ladies found he had no Taste and drop'd him——Lady *Warble* can't endure the Creature.

Sang. I thought he had been a Favourite there——The Town, a long time, proclaim'd him in *Dulcissa*'s good Graces.

Addle.

Addle. Ah! nauseous Town! *Dulcissa* wou'd as soon match with a *Greenland Bear* — No, no; that little Deity's design'd for a much prettier Fellow — She and your humble Servant have agreed to make the Tour of *Europe* together — That's an *Affaire faite, Frank*.

Sang. What, Marry'd already?

Addle. Not in Form — We intend the Ceremony shall be at *Rome* for the greater *Eclat* — Ah *Frank!* the Glosy of being mention'd by Foreign Gazettes!

Sang. And of being the Subject of Conversation at the Drawing-Rooms of all the Princes on the Continent.

Addle. Right, *Frank*. To have all the Foreign Princesses envy *Dulcissa's* superlative Happiness.

Sang. And their Consorts yours.

Addle. Ah, *mon Cber!* Thou hast hit it, *Frank* — That dull Rogue *Medium*, cou'd not for's Blood, have entertain'd so exalted a Thought —

Sang. You design to be marry'd at *St. Peter's*; and by the Pope too, I hope.

Addle. Pox, no! that can't be, I'm afraid, as we're Protestants: But we intend to invite old *Scarlet* and his Conclave to the Wedding-Dinner — No, no, we are to be marry'd by Mr. *Roseband*, Lady *Warble's* Chaplain; a good, pretty Fellow — His Lady takes him out for the purpose.

Sang. A Lady may have more Purposes than one for a Chaplain, *Addle* — I've seen him, he's a handsom, smock-fac'd young *Levite* — An useful Member in the Retinue of a rich, bucksom, modern Widow — Ah! my little *Addle!* the Secrets of Lady *Warble's* Family are not unknown to thee!

Addle. *Roseband's* a Favourite I know; rules the Family, and takes care o' my Lady's Affairs; but, more I can't say upon my Soul — No, Faith *Frank*; my Lady's Virtue's unblemish'd — *Roseband's* a general Favourite with the Ladies. He has a Taste and understands Musick. My *Dulcissa's* charm'd with his Voice; and I can tell

tell thee, *Frank*, he's often with thy *Julia* — I left him and your Rival, Lord *Lovegain*, with her half an Hour ago.

Sang. Was that Camelion of Quality there?

Addle. Yes, Faith; and I thought he was treated with singular Esteem — Gad, *Frank*, I was impatient to inform thee of thy Danger.

Sang. Thank you, Mr. *Addle*. But I apprehend no Danger from a Rival of so shatter'd a Character — *Julia's* an Enemy to Perfidy and Dishonour.

Addle. And yet may have no Quarrel to Title and a Coronet. Besides, Gad, my Lord's a good pretty Fellow for a Man of Quality: And, let me tell thee, *Frank*, he has more Wit than most of your Peers have — As for his Perfidy; Mum — I stand clear of *Scandalum Magnatum* — But for his Wit, rat me, he has a good deal, if you'll allow me a Judge — He has, Faith.

Sang. You a Judge! ay, most certainly — I warrant Lady *Warble* and the most ingenuous *Dulcissa* think you another *Pope*.

Addle. Not quite so good a Poet, *Frank*; but, as to Judgment, the Ladies do me the Honour to rank me in the first Class.

Sang. And you know, my Friend, the Ladies are ever infallible, Ha, ha — But Pr'ythee, *Addle*, on what Subject did the Peer display his fine Talents?

Addle. On me. Gad, a good deal of his Wit was thrown out at me. But, Gad, he was most cursedly bit there — There he was o'er-match'd — He rally'd the Parson prettily enough; but when I enter'd the Lifts he was quite dumb-founded — He was polite enough tho' to own my Superiority, and shift the Discourse to modern Patriotism. And, Faith, to do the Man Justice, he handled the Subject with tolerable Address.

Sang. He, *Addle*, upon Patriotism! — I wou'd as soon hear a Deist upon Christianity — What, *Lovegain* on Patriotism, that had shifted and changed with every Spring-Tide of Power! ---- He must have made a scurvy Figure before the virtuous *Julia*.

Addle.

Addle. No, rat me; he made a very good one; and she and the Parson chim'd in with all he asserted— He took the Administration to Pieces; and, split me, he expos'd certain great Men with uncommon Fire and Spirit; he own'd, indeed, he had been deluded for a time; but lifting up his Eyes and Hands, thank'd Heav'n he had recover'd his Senses and Integrity.

Sang. 'Sdeath, *Addle!* did *Lovegain*, say you, inveigh against the Administration?

Addle. Most virulently— Why, you don't like him the worse for that, I hope?— Gad, 'twou'd be merry enough to hear thee arraign *Lovegain* for that thou thyself hadst practis'd ever since thee had the Use of Speech— Who, in the Name of Wonder, has been louder in dispraise of Ministers than *Frank Sanguine*?— Pshaw, pox! not allow a Man Liberty of Conscience!— But, rat me, you verify the old Proverb; 'Two of a Trade never agree.

Sang. 'Sdeath! I shall expose my self to this Fool! [*Aside.*] *Addle*, thou art a satyrical Rogue— You'll be at Lady *Warble's* at two; spare your Wit till then, for I reckon the Peer will be there as usual— You shall witness him before the Ladies: I'll second you in the Chace— Go, thou Quintessence of Wit and Mode.

Addle. Gad, *Frank*, thou shoudst have added of Friendship and Good-nature.

Sang. I do, I do, and of Courtesy, Gallantry, an', an' of all that's great and good.

Addle. Enough, enough! I'm gone, I fly!— Ah! how the Peer will sink and sweat under the Weight of thy Wit and mine!— How charm'd will *Dulcissa* be at my Victory!— *Adieu Ami. A revoir mon Hero Spirituel*— Ah, *Frank!* how cou'd you say I shou'd never speak the French?

Sang. Did I? I beg your Pardon: You shall charge the Peer—

Addle. *En Gens D'arms* — Gad, I'll turn o'er *La Bruyere* for an Hour to fit me for the Encounter— Ah, the dear Thought! *Adieu*—

[*Exit.*
Sang.

Sang. *Lovegain's* Note's chang'd! He rails at the Administration who openly enjoys a lucrative Employment—It cannot be— And yet this Fool cou'd not invent it— No, the Wretch has not Depth for Invention— *Julia's* false— Oh! Woman, Woman! how keen's thy Appetite for Rank and Title!— *Gripeacre*, that whining Rascal, must have betray'd me— Yes, *Bamwell's* artful, and has worm'd the Secret of my private Practice from the old Fool; or rather bought it— It must be so; for the covetous Villain would sell his own Soul for Gold— Curs'd Avarice, thou hast undone me every way— Confusion! lose my Mistress, and become the Scorn of my Party into the Bargain— Yes, yes, the Alarm's taken; that honest Fool *Medium* has it, and will echo it to the whole Party— Hell and Despair!

Enter Gripeacre.

Gripe. Good-morrow, Mr. *Sanguine*— I left my Man to watch *Medium's* going whilst I took a Turn in the Mall— That young Fellow's steady; stands well with his Party, and is let into Secrets— I hope you have sifted him— There is some new Mischief a hatching, which our Friends would know before 'tis fledg'd— You are thoughtful, Mr. *Sanguine*; what have you learnt, since I saw you last?

Sang. That you have betray'd me, old Gentleman.

Gripe. I betray you!— Is this then your Gratitude to a Man that had help'd you to Wealth and Favour?— Betray you!— But I am compos'd. Pray, Mr. *Sanguine*, explain yourself—

Sang. I tell thee, thou hast betray'd me, basely betray'd me to *Bamwell*, Alderman *Export's* Man. He knows my Secrets, and he cou'd know 'em but from you.

Gripe. Go to, go to, Mr. *Sanguine*; you might have found another way of dropping your secret Friends— If you be tired of Benefactions, there are enow will be glad to step into your Place— But I have done— I came to give you a fresh, material Instance of my Friendship—

But, I am a base Betrayer—— Mr. *Sanguine*, I am your Servant. [Going.]

Sang. If I break with him I'm lost every way. [Aside.] Nay, faith, you shall not stir—I was to blame, my Friend; somewhat your Kinsman *Addle* told me just before you came in, had rais'd my Choler, and put me out of Humour.

Gripe. What then, *Addle's* the Make-bate? What cou'd the Coxcomb say to give you a Suspicion of me?

Sang. That he heard Lord *Lovegain* this Morning, at Mr. *Export's*, pull the Administration to pieces in concert with *Julia*, who treated him with distinguish'd Tendre—— Now, you know, all this cou'd never have happen'd if she had not been let into my Secrets; for she loathed the Peer for deserting her Fav'rite, Anti-Ministerial Party.

Gripe. But under Favour, Mr. *Sanguine*, how do *Lovegain's* Railing or *Julia's* Reception of him affect me? How's my Integrity concern'd in this Hodge-podge? Have I betray'd you to *Bamwell* because *Lovegain's* your Rival?

Sang. Why, no, my dear Friend—— I see my Error, and hope you'll make some Allowance for the Excesses of a Man in love— *Bamwell*, you know, dictates to the Family ever since the Frenzy of the Master; and I was weak enough to imagine *Lovegain's* precipitate Success was founded on *Bamwell's* Knowledge of our more secret Transactions; that was all; and I hope, my worthy Friend, you'll excuse the Extravagancies of the Passion.

Gripe. I do, Mr. *Sanguine*; I shall think no more of it—— Love's a Disease we are all subject to: I my self have groan'd under the Weight of the Passion before now— Nay, I can't say that I enjoy absolute Freedom, even at this time—— There is a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, Mr. *Sanguine*, who has it in her Power to give me more Content than I've known since you and I were at *Tunbridge* together— Old Age has its Frailties as well as Youth; and the most we can do, sometimes, is to wear the Appearance of Virtue.

Sang.

Sang. And a great deal, let me tell you, for one of your Vigour— Why, Man, you're younger in Constitution than half the young Fellows in Town; they're emaculated before they arrive at Manhood— Shadows, mere Phantoms, Mr. *Gripeacre*; I don't know an Exception amongst 'em but your Kinsman *Addle*; he has your Blood in his Veins, and seems to inherit your Strength and Vigour.

Gripe. *Addle's* a little too modern, too foppish; but the Fellow has Mettle to the Back— I should be glad my Neice and he cou'd hit it; she has a good thousand Pound a Year, and has been of Age since *June* last; but I keep her in Ignorance to prevent her rambling to *Italy* before *Tony* has wrought her to his Purpose; the Baggage has Spirit, and won't be compell'd.

Sang. Matches of Compulsion seldom prove happy— But own it, my Friend, you had another Reason for imposing Nonage on *Dulcissa*: My Lady *Warble's* to be of the travelling Party, and you wou'd spoil her Ladyship's Journey—— Ha, my Champion; is she not the dear Disturber of your Quiet?

Gripe. 'Tween Friends there shou'd be no Reserve— That Miracle of a Woman has given me Pain ever since last Summer; but she lives in such a hurry of Singing and Fiddling, that one of my Gravity can never find a favourable Moment: I have suffer'd my Neice to spend most of her time at her Ladyship's, in hopes of an Opportunity; but I'm now as far to seek as the first Day— Like a *Sultane's* she's ever surrounded with squeaking Geldings.

Sang. Ha, ha! Creatures more inoffensive about a Woman than Parsons; they are *Cheveaux entier*, my Friend— a rampant Generation——

Gripe. Plague! there is one of them too, an able bodied Rascal; and I understand the Fellow's more a Favourite than a Chaplain shou'd be— If I had any Hopes of Success I wou'd beg an inferior Dean'ry, just now vacant, for the Dog to get him out of my way,

Sang,

Sang. Excellent Policy! Kicking a rising Favourite or secret Enemy up Stairs, has been a standing ministerial Maxim. You shall instantly practise it on *Roseband*, that you know is the Chaplain's Name. Your Mistress will think the Favour a Compliment paid to her, and her Priest will be your Advocate out of Gratitude; you're no Stranger to the Passions of Churchmen — Bribe but the Chaplain, and your Work's done — About it incontinently, and meet me at Lady *Warble's* at Two; I'll take upon me to make the Overture before you come.

Gripe. I protest, Mr. *Sanguine*, your Expedient wears the Face of Success; — I was an Oaf I did not think sooner of making my Court to her Priest — Lady *Warble*, tho' infected with the Musical Contagion of the Age, is reputed virtuous — *Roseband* must be a Favourite from Motives of Religion only; and an Ascendant founded in Religion mows all before it. Amongst us, our Pastors bear sovereign Sway with our Females. They are rid in the religious Snaffle, and think future Happiness blended with blind Obedience to the Teacher — Ay, ay; the Chaplain must be brib'd! You'll feel his Pulse; my Life it beats to Preferment; and d'ye hear, my good Counsellor, give him hopes of a Mitre if I succeed — Wonders have been done by proper Application to the Passions of the Gentry in Black.

Sang. You know how serviceable they've been to certain Persons towards warding off the weight of Opposition.

Gripe. I do, Mr. *Sanguine*, there is one infallible Road to the Heart of a Church-man: I think you have set me plump into it — Expect me about two, with Love and Impatience in one Hand, and religious Bribery in the other. Ah! Mr. *Sanguine*, Lady *Warble's* a fine Woman, worth taking pains for; she's virtuous, my Friend, a rare Quality now-a-days; and she's young enough to bring me an Heir.

Sang. And rich enough to intitle you to a Peerage — Two Thousand Pounds a Year, and Thirty Thousand

Bank Stock added to your Estate, will support a Coronet with Splendor.

Gripe. 'Tis not quite that; but my Lady has a very good Fortune; and yet I assure you, Mr. *Sanguine*, my Affection for her is purely Personal.

Sang. How villanously does the old Rascal lye. But I must humour him to set my self right in his Opinion. *[Aside.]*

Gripe. A Coronet, said you? Ay, ay, Women love Coronets; they procure Precedency—A Coronet she shall have: But she must be content to begin with an *Irish* one. The Contention for the *English* Peerage runs too high at present for the Court to be press'd on that Head: But time will wear away the heat of the Competitors, and my Services may be recompens'd without giving Jealousy. I think my Services intitle me to a Peerage: I have not eat the Bread of Laziness, Mr. *Sanguine*; and my Endeavours have been crown'd with Success—I can't complain of Ingratitude neither; my Patrons are generous and steady, I never ask but I succeed; and my Requests, for the most part, are in behalf of my deserving Friends: I made one Yesterday in yours, and 'twas most readily granted; you are obliged, Mr. *Sanguine*, to double Affiduity.

Sang. My best of Friends!—The *Noli Prosequi* for Alderman *Export*.

Gripe. The same—*Export* was a clandestine Trader, defrauded the Publick of considerable Sums, and richly deserv'd to feel the weight of the Law; nay more, he has been an avow'd Enemy to our Friends, and thwarted them in many Instances—A bitter High-Flier!—But in your Consideration, he's *Rectus in Curia*.

Sang. Oh, thou dear Man! Let me embrace you. *[Embraces.]* *Julia*, who has Interest and Address, shall second your Suit to her Aunt. Your Cousin *Addle* too, shall be happy with *Dulcissa*, if *Julia* or I have either Power or Art; and the Joy of the Family shall be complete—Oh! thou Friend in need! That cursed Prosecution was the only Bar to my Bliss. *Julia*, will now no longer retard my Happiness;

hels ; come to my grateful Arms, thou dear Man. [*Embraces.*] Rule me, Command me ; I'm all Obedience, all Gratitude, and to convince you of my Sincerity, I recommend to you to guard against *Medium's* Designs on your Neice — Honour seems to forbid a Caution which Gratitude exacts from me — But you see I can sacrifice Acquaintance, Friendship, every thing to my Thirst of serving you.

Gripe. *Medium*, have secret Designs on *Dulcissa* ! base Man ! — But there are no Bounds to the Villany of those Spendthrift nominal Patriots — They shall beggar themselves to acquire the Applause of the giddy Multitude, and think no Means unwarrantable towards repairing their shatter'd Fortunes, except that of joining in the righteous Support of certain Measures. I met the smooth Villain as he went from you. He was unusually civil, said you, and he wou'd come and take a friendly Meal at my House ; and ask'd me the Nature of my Bargain with you about an Estate in the North.

Sang. Sdeath ! I hope you confirm'd what I had told him of such a Bargain, to give a Colour for your calling here.

Gripe. No, truly — How cou'd I divine what had pass'd 'tween you and him ?

Sang. The Devil, you did not — I'm ruin'd, undone — My Credit will be quite sunk with the Party — That Fellow's indolent, but he is virtuous and penetrating ; he'll blast me with the Chiefs that had a high Opinion of my publick Virtue — Unlucky Accident !

Gripe. If you shou'd find your self sinking in their Esteem, quit the obstinate Crew, and declare open War with 'em — There is a Post of Profit just now vacant : Lord *Lovegain* resign'd last Night : you'll fill his Place with Credit.

Sang. Has he ? has *Lovegain* resign'd, say you ? then his Designs on *Julia* are plain, and *Addle's* Information was just — I must instantly to the City to guard against the Peers Machinations. *Addle* said *Roseband* was there ; I'll

inform him of your good Intentions, engage him and *Julia* in your Interest, and meet you at Lady *Warble's* at the Hour appointed.

Gripe. I will, I will, Mr. *Sanguine* — But, my good Friend, be sure you charge the Chaplain home — A Deanery in Hand, and a Mitre *in futuro* — Ply him; ply his Passions, Mr. *Sanguine* — My Life you find him. —

Sang. A true Churchman, ha, ha, ha! — I engage to mould the Chaplain to your purpose, if you satiate his predominant Passions.

Gripe. Avarice and Ambition — You are right, Mr. *Sanguine* — I'll about it straight — Ay, ay! The Spiritual Maw must be gorg'd.

Sang. Ha, ha — A Deanery will do it effectually — Away, my Friend, to prepare the Simoniackal Specifick. Fly, my Champion — Fly —

The Church holds out an ever open Hand,
And wisely barter Prayers for Gold and Land:
Soldiers, 'tis possible, for Fame may fight;
But unpaid Parsons neither preach nor write.



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCÈNE, *A Room in Lady Warble's House.*

Lady Warble at her Toilet, Dulciffa sitting, Jaqueline waiting.

A Consort of Musick in an outward Room.

L. Warb. **A**H! dear *Dulciffa*! How ravishing's the Power of Musick! How sweetly it lulls one's anxious Thoughts to Rest! It raises as 'twere the Soul above the reach of Care.

Dul. Oh, Madam! There's Magick Divine in Musick — I feel the enchanting, nameless Something thrill thro' all my Veins — I've often wish'd I had but one Sense to gratify — O dear! What pity 'tis Woman shou'd be burden'd with any but that of Hearing.

L. Warb. Hearing, indeed, is the Sense gives greatest Pleasure to the refin'd; but the other four have their Charms too — No, *Dulciffa*; I wou'd'nt give up one o' my Senses for the World — Were we reduc'd to one Sense, what wou'd become of dear Variety, that Zest of Life? — By no means, my Dear, must Woman resign any of her Senses — Then might that Creature Man lord it over us in earnest.

Jaq. Not only Man, Madam, but the very Beasts wou'd have the Advantage of us — O lay, dear Miss! What, resign our Seeing, our Understanding, our dear Tasting, and our dearer Feeling? O! not for the World!

Dul. The Pleasures o' the Ear, Mrs. *Jaqueline*, are too refin'd for the gross Vulgar — They aim but at the Gratification o' the Palate.

C :

Jaq.

Jaq. Gross Vulgar! Marry come up — Sure, this vain Creature takes her self for some Princess, [Aside,

L. Warb. All, indeed, those of her Country set their Hearts upon — O my Dear! did you but see the *French*, that Nation of Cooks, employ their Talents to gratify the Palate, you'd swear they had resign'd every other Sense but the Taste — 'Tis true, they make some Pretences to Musick; but, my Dear, they're such incorrigible Wretches at Composition, you'd be sick to Death at one o' their filthy Operas.

Jaq. They've the good Sense to be pleas'd with their own native Productions, Madam; they encourage their own manly Artists, and scorn to be the *Dupes* of Foreigners.

L. Warb. Ah! Name 'em not — They've no Ears, my dear *Dulcissa*; no Organs fitted for Melody — This Creature's one of 'em, I took her a Child for her Voice; but, my Dear, the Drums of her Ears are so untowardly form'd, that tho' I had most o' the great Masters of *Italy* to her, she's meer *French* still — Go, thou stupid thing; go, sing that Air compos'd purposely for me by my Favourite Cardinal.

Jaq. Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have your Complexion refresh'd before you go abroad?

L. Warb. I think not — What say you, *Dulcissa*? Do I look pale to-day?

Dul. Your Ladyship's perfectly agreeable; neither pale nor flush'd.

L. Warb. O, thou flattering Creature! Wou'd you take a dozen o' my Years, I cou'd bear Adulation.

Jaq. Ay, O my Conscience, tho' she shou'd lend you a score of hers, [Aside,

L. Warb. Well! I'll remain just as I am, Paleness generally attracts more than Ruddiness. A certain Air of Languishment always accompanies a pale Complexion; now there's you, my dear *Dulci*, wou'd not be half the Beauty you are if you had a bit more Colour.

Dul.

Dul. O dear Madam! Your Ladyship's so highly well bred! I vow —

L. Warb. Good Breeding, *Dulcissa*, is ever courteous, but no Enemy to Truth — The truly Polite will never say a harsh thing; but they scorn to tell fulsome untruths. If I had not thought you agreeable I wou'd not have said you were: Perhaps I shou'd have said nothing — But really, you're a fine Woman, my Dear, and want nothing but seeing the World to complete you.

Dul. Your Ladyship's the Pink of Courtesy — Oh! Madam! How I long to be Mistress of my Fortune, that I might have the Honour of waiting of your Ladyship! All my Mother's Relations tell me I was of Age last Summer; but my Uncle *Gripeacre* insists I shan't be One and Twenty till next — I guess why he keeps me back; but I'll fit him as well for it.

Jaq. Sure the old Rogue wou'd not marry you against your Inclinations?

Dul. I'm determin'd he shan't, Mrs. *Jaqueline* — I hope your Ladyship won't begin your Tour till the Parliament's up, I shall be then of Age by my Uncle's own way of reckoning.

L. Warb. I'll put off my Journey for your sake, *Dulcissa*; I wou'd gladly see you a Pattern for all the little green Flirts about Town — Taudry Creatures! If they can squeeze a Shape, drop an aukward Court'sy and keep time in a filthy Country-dance, they conceive themselves well-bred forsooth — Fogh upon 'em! Ramps, mere Ramps; fit for no earthly Conversation but School-Boys or Attorneys Clerks: Now, my Dear, you're naturally well-fashion'd and are bless'd with a Taste: Improve it — Travel, *Dulcissa* — Make the Tour of *Italy*; but set your Heart most on dear *Rome* — Oh, *Dulcissa*! no Tongue's able to express the Charms of dear *Italy* — The *Italians*, my Dear, pay us *English* Women an Adoration little short of that due to the Deity — Go, *Jaqueline*, let *Dulcissa* hear the Song compos'd for me by my dear Cardinal — Ah! what a Man was there!

So graceful, so witty, so polite, so insinuating, and yet so virtuous! My Dear, you shall see the god-like Man—
The Song, *Jaqueline*.

Jaq. As Miss don't understand the Original, may I have your Ladyship's Leave to sing Mr. *Roseband's* Translation of it?

Dul. O, not for the World, Mrs. *Jaqueline*! An *English* Song makes me sick to Death—I never go by our nauseous Ballad-Singers, but am oblig'd to draw up my Glasses, and stop my Ears.

Jaq. To prevent Fits—ha, ha! You never go to a Play-house, I suppose.

Dul. Fogh! No, never; unfashionable Diversion! my poor Mama took me once to the filthy *Beggar's Opera*, thinking to reconcile me to *English* Musick; but she heartily repented her; for I sicken'd of the Small-pox that very Night.

Jaq. Bless us! Who wou'd have thought that Musick cou'd poison the Mass of Blood!

Dul. Not the Musick, Mrs. *Jaqueline*, so much as the barbarous Words 'twas set to.

Jaq. Pray, dear Madam, can you remember which of the Songs had infected you most?—As I never had that fatal Distemper I shou'd be glad to learn which it was, that I might know when to put my Fingers in my Ears whenever I'm so unfortunate as to be at the House when that Opera's play'd—Ha, ha! [*Aside.*]

Dul. Really, I can't say which affected me most; the whole was insupportable.

Jaq. I shou'd think it impossible, that poor *Polly's* Song, in parting with her dear *Macheath*, shou'd have any Infection in it;

‘ O what Pain it is to part!

‘ Can I leave you! can I leave you! [*Sings.*]

Dul. Oh! Dear Mrs. *Jaqueline* [*Stops her Ears, and pulls Jaqueline*] If you love me, never sing *English* where I am.

L. Warb.

L. Warb. Poor thing! *Jaqueline*, no more Fooling.

Dul. I'm infinitely oblig'd to your Ladyship. I shou'd have swoon'd away if she had went on.

L. Warb. Intolerable Squeamishness! No bearing this Excess of Folly. [Aside.

Dul. One can't help one's Taste any more than one's Features——Your Ladyship knows there's no changing one's Nature.

L. Warb. Tho' 'tis not to be quite chang'd, it may be corrected; and Travelling more than any thing helps towards that Correction——You must be very cautious, *Dulcissa*, how you suffer your self to go into Extremes of any kind. We *English* are not more famed for Beauty and Good-nature than for certain Peculiarities which are generally contracted by a narrow Education——After you have seen *Italy*, *Dulcissa*, you'll be quite another thing——*Jaqueline*, sing my Cardinal's Song.

[*Jaqueline sings an Italian Song.*

Dul. Mrs. *Jaqueline* sings most delightfully, Madam; your Ladyship's Expence upon her has not been thrown away, I assure you.

L. Warb. You won't say so when you've been some time in *Italy*——The Creature has a pretty Voice; but she has no Manner——A Manner, *Dulcissa*, is all in all in Musick; and one must see *Italy*, to be a Judge of that Manner——To see the gaping Ignorants of this Town croud to an Opera, is enough to give a Connoisseur the Vapours——There's Lady *Brauny*, I warrant, wou'dn't miss an Opera one Night for the World; and yet the Creature has neither Ear nor Taste——knows no more of Manner than of the *Antipodes*——Now, for my Soul, *Dulcissa*, I can't conceive what shou'd induce such a tasteless inanimate Lump to starve her Family for a Diversion she can have no true Relish for——You shall see the Creature pretend to Judgment, and die away at one of *Farinelli's* Songs; but it happens that her Extasies are ever ill-tim'd: I've known her burst out into a Horse-Laugh, just when all the Judges were in high Rapture.

Dul.

Dul. The dear *Farinelli's* never from her Ladyship: Sure if she were not a Judge, she'd never be wrapt up in him so!

L. Warb. She a Judge! No, my Dear; she knows no more of Musick, than of *Algebra*; but she wou'd be in the Fashion, forsooth—'tis all Affectation, my Dear, —You remember when she wou'd see no Company; 'twas because my Lord wou'd not advance her two hundred Pounds of her Pin-money, to give her Favourite *Italian* for a Ticket at his Benefit.

Dul. Oh, Madam! I shall never forget the Confusion I was in at that time. I only desir'd my Uncle to let me have fifty Guineas to give the dear Man: And tho' I went down on my Knees to him, he wou'd give me but five; so rather than affront the dear Man by offering such a Trifle, I gave none at all.

Jaq. Ridiculous! The squeaking Nothing wou'd leap at half a Crown in his own Country.

Dul. O, fy, Mrs. *Jaqueline*! You that have been in *Italy*, to speak so disrespectfully of the dear Man!

Jaq. Man! Ha, ha, ha! O Miss! Travelling will make you wiser every Way.

Enter Roseband.

Dul. Oh, Mr. *Roseband*! I am glad you're come to go with us to see the dear Creature.

Rose. What Creature, Madam? A musical Monkey?

L. Warb. *Dulcissa* persuades me to see a Miracle of a Parrot that sings and speaks *Italian*. Ha, ha!

Dul. Pray, Mr. *Roseband*, assist me with your Judgment: I wou'd buy the dear harmonious Creature——'tis but at *Charing-Cross*.

Rose. If you promise, the feather'd *Signoria* never detains you from Church.

Dul. She never shall, upon my Word and Honour.

Rose. Will this Girl's Folly never have an End.

[*Aside to L. Warble.*

L. Warb.

L. *Warb.* 'Tis pity it shou'd not; for she's good-natur'd, and no Fool——This is some new Imposition. Let us indulge her to turn it to her Advantage. [*Akde to Roseband*] Come, *Dulcissa*, let's see this *Italian Wonder*. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE II. *Medium's Lodgings.*

Spruce holding up a Toupet Periwig.

Spruce. Here's a pretty Toy! with the Fans of a Wind-mill, and a Bag as large as any School-boy's Satchel—Gods! that our *English* Gentry will be bubbl'd by those *French* Rascals!—If an *English* Man had ask'd five Guineas for this nine Hairs of a Side, he'd be kick'd down Stairs; but as 'tis a Foreigner, he must be seen to the Door, with a Pox to him, with *Monsieur, votre tres humble Serviteur*——Curse on 'em! They've undone our own honest, plain Countrymen—To do my Master Justice, I never knew him deal with any of 'em before; but I suppose 'tis necessary he shou'd be foreign from Top to Toe.

Enter Medium.

Med. Well, *Spruce*! Are my Orders executed? Have you provided Black for the Beard and Brows; and Yellow for the Skin?

Spruce. Your Honour's Commands are obey'd to a tittle, Sir. The high-heel'd Shoes and clock'd Stockings; all's truly foreign, except your Linen, which is infinitely too fine——Sure, Sir, you design to pass upon some pert modish *Abigail* for an Ambassador to-day?

Med. Are the Ladies of your Acquaintance then fond of Ambassadors?

Spruce. Most inordinately, Sir. I'm not conversant with the Passions of your Women of Quality; but as for Ladies Women, Milliners, Mantua-makers, Embroiderers, and lower Citizens Daughters, they fall before a Foreign

Foreign Minister like Grass before a Scythe—— There's Count *Pulvilio*, with the Complexion of a Mulatto, and the Face of a Baboon, has soused two thirds of all the Nymphs of my Acquaintance.

Med. Ha, ha! Don't the Count's Gold, more than his Character, endear him to the Ladies?

Spruce. Curse on his tallow Phiz! He spoil'd a certain Tradesman's Daughter, I thought to spend my Days with.

Med. Ha, ha! Poor *Spruce*! Rivall'd by the Representative of a mighty King! What pity, one of your Consequence should be made the Property of Power, [*Knocking at the Door.*] This must be *Sanguine*; shew him up. [*Exit Spruce.*] The Devil's in't, if *Signior Sonata*, with all his foreign Airs and frightful Complexion of Black and Yellow, don't captivate and deceive!—— Well! If I succeed, I'll erect a Temple to Ugliness, and adore her for a Deity.

Re-enter Spruce.

Spruce. Sir, 'tis not Mr. *Sanguine*, but a young Gentleman I never saw before.

Med. Oaf! Why wou'd you make any Gentleman wait——Shew him up.

Enter Bamwell.

My dear *Bamwell*! am I so happy to see you once again? [*Embraces.*] 'twas unkind, old Acquaintance, not to have wrote to me, at least, since I return'd from my Travels——Young *Crambo* told me lately, you were turn'd a plodding Lawyer, and were displaying your Orat'ry at the *Irish* Bar——How came you, my Friend, to find me out by the Name of *Medium*? I lately took it up in compliance to the Will of a Relation.

Bam. My Information was purely accidental, from Mr. *Sanguine*. The Moment I had it, I flew with the Wings of impatient Friendship to see and serve you—I were ungrateful if I didn't endeavour to retaliate the essential Favours

yours you did me while we lived together——Your Heart and Purse were open to me when I stood in need of both; and now, my generous Benefactor, I'm come to make you a sincere Tender of mine in Return.

Med. My worthy Friend! You over-rate the small Acts of Friendship I then had in my Power——But, pr'ythee explain, hast thou found the Philosopher's Stone in an *Irish* Bog, or hast thou the Ear of the Minister that you talk of Returns and Services?——My dear *Bamwell*! The Practice of a young Barrister won't admit of Acts of Liberality.

Bam. And yet, small as the young Counsel's Fees are, 'twill be your Fault if he don't help you to a Hundred Thousand Pound without the Aid of either Chymistry or Minister.

Med. Thy Heart was ever good, my Friend; I ne'er doubted it; but Fortune seldom seconds the Inclinations of the Virtuous——You were ever an Enemy to Banter. What does all this mean?

Bam. You must know then, I am Nephew to Alderman *Export* who has an only Child, a young Lady, I understand you had often seen; she has many Admirers, but her Heart's unengag'd; and if yours be so, I venture to assure you, she has a better Opinion of you than of any of those that pursue her.

Med. O thou Miracle in Friendship! [*Embraces.*] O *Bamwell*! O my Friend! thou hast o'erwhelm'd me with Excess of Transport——True, I saw the lovely *Julia*, often saw her, and was as often charm'd——Oft had my Soul been fired by her killing Eyes; but still my Friendship for *Sanguine* wou'dn't permit me to pursue my Inclinations——If it be true that *Julia's* Heart is free, *Sanguine's* a Villain; for he often told me she was engag'd to him.

Bam. Vain, base Man! *Julia* engag'd to him! as soon wou'd she engage with Poverty and old Age——My dear Mr. *Gainly*, I shou'd have said *Medium*, your present Name; *Sanguine* is not the Man you and the World take

take him for, *Julia* and I have had a Jealousy of him, for some time; but now his Disingenuity is become conspicuous to us as the Sun.

Med. As how, my Friend? You have not discover'd any Villany in his Designs on *Julia*?

Bam. No. Presumptuous Man! *Julia*'s untainted Virtue sets her above the keenest Malice — His Villany affects you and all such honest, well-meaning Men as had repos'd publick Confidence in him — I had, for some time, observ'd an Intimacy 'twixt him and old *Gripeacre*, a noted Agent; and had partly wrung the Secret of his Perfidy from the old Go-between. But to day, he has given manifest Proof of his Attachment to and Interest with the Party he has all along oppos'd in Appearance.

Med. I became suspicious of him this Morning from an ill-concerted Excuse he made for *Gripeacre*'s calling upon him whilst I was there, and a certain conscious Confusion: But you seem to have more substantial Proofs; pray, what are they?

Bam. My Uncle, whether from his known Zeal or from malicious Information of clandestine Practices in Trade, had been, for some time, worry'd in the Courts. The good old Magistrate took it to heart that so general a Benefactor to the Industrious as he had always been, shou'd be oppress'd by the Drones of the Publick: He became melancholy upon't; and, probably, wou'd have been quite delirious if *Julia* had not wrote to me to come and aid her to dissipate the Sorrow that had almost weigh'd down her Father — We had the good Fortune to succeed, and for some Weeks the virtuous Man's Delirium has been only feign'd.

Med. What then, the Alderman's Frenzy's not real?

Bam. Political, I assure you. A Stratagem of mine to induce the powerful to Clemency — Lord *Lovegain* courted *Julia*; so did *Sanguine*. One was avowedly in Favour with the Great, and I imagin'd the other was not less so, tho' he wore the Guise of an Opponent. I perswaded *Julia* to act a Part against her Nature. She

admitted

admitted the Addresses of both, in hopes one or other, in Compliment to her, wou'd procure Ease to her injur'd Parent — The Peer was refus'd and threw up his Employment, partly out of Resentment, and partly, I suppose, to ingratiate himself to *Julia*, who had often, in his hearing, inveigh'd against the Increase of Civil Employments as introductive of Corruption. Mr. *Sanguine*, it seems, had better Interest, probably as he was more useful: But, tho' *Julia* be pleas'd with the seasonable Boon, she detests the base Means by which it must have been obtain'd.

Med. You amaze me, my Friend — Heavens! whom shall a Man confide in! Who wou'd imagine, *Sanguine*, that publick Sink of Scandal 'gainst ministerial Power, to have Interest with Ministers? — I had often wonder'd, indeed, he had been so silent in the House, and yet so indiscreetly loud every where else — My dear *Bamwell*, this is a strange World we live in; scarce a Man really, what he professes himself: He out of Office shall often oppose to be employ'd; and the Man in Post shall be restive to rise higher! — Well! of all Men living, I think a premier Minister the most wretched — Let his Intentions be never so upright (wou'd to Heaven I cou'd say that was our Case at present) he shall often find himself oblig'd to practise on the Passions of those whose Duty 'twou'd be to co-operate with him without Gratuity. Miserable Degeneracy! — Why shou'd a Man wonder at the continuance of Taxes, if the publick Insatiableness won't admit of an effectual Reduction of them — If Self-interest be a Disease so general, as that scarce a Man will serve except he be bought, what shall become of us?

Bam. When the Means of Corruption are no more, 'tis to be hoped we shall grow virtuous out of Necessity.

Med. Fatal Necessity! O! that Men wou'd act virtuously without being bought to it on one hand, or be dictated to on the other!

Bam.

Bam. 'Tis almost impossible to sail clear of Danger in so corrupt, partial an Age as we live in.

Med. I don't think so.

Bam. What! to be truly disengag'd?

Med. Yes. By accepting of neither Pension nor Employment on one hand, if implicit Obedience be imply'd in the Acceptation; and by standing clear of the impetuosity of Opposition on the other — My Maxim's this; I have adher'd to it since I am in Parliament, and I hope never to swerve from it. I vote with my Judgment, without Prejudice or Partiality. An Heart actuated by neither Avarice or Resentment can easily distinguish between Acts of Oppression and Necessity. I have often disagreed with the Ministry; but not as they were Ministers: And, sometimes I have left the Opponents — Judicious Opposition, in a mixt Government such as ours, is absolutely necessary; 'tis a Check upon a Ministry; it often prevents the mischievous Excess of Power; it contracts the Strides of Ambition, slackens the Pace of Slavery, and obliges an Agent to Caution and Circumspection: But intemperate, indiscreet Opposition, often forces an Administration into Extremes it never intended.

Bam. Such as *Sanguine* wou'd be capable of, was he really what he wou'd persuade you he is — He has given yet a stronger Proof of his Interest with the Powerful.

Med. Impossible, except he had placed you upon the Bench, or procur'd the Alderman a Coronet!

Bam. Neither; but a Dean'ry, for Mr. *Roseband* Lady *Warble's* Chaplain.

Med. *Bamwell*, you astonish me! — Certainly, this Flood of Favour is in Compliment to *Julia*: But, me thinks, in that respect you had a better Title to Benevolence.

Bam. He looks upon me as a distant Relation in the Management of the Alderman's Commerce: *Roseband*, seems, is suppos'd to have an Interest with his Lady, and

she, you must know, has made deep Impressions on the tender Heart of old *Gripeacre*. Ha, ha, ha— Nay, more, if the Chaplain succeeds for old Skin-flint, he's to have the first vacant See, tho' it should be that of *Canterbury*. Ha, ha ha!

Med. Heav'ns! What do you tell me *Bamwell*? *Gripeacre*, that sordid Wretch, in love with any thing but Gold! impossible!

Bam. Irrecoverably in love; so violent's his Passion that he proposes to urge his Suit this very Day— *Roseband*'s gone to make the Overture; he parted with me at your Door, and promised to return to tell us the Success of his Negotiation.

Med. Amazement! *Gripeacre* attempt the Lady *Warble*! As soon might he hope to win the *Czarina*— Monstrous Folly! He with all his Age and Infamy attempt one of the gayest, richest Widows in Town! towering Madness!— Is *Julia* acquainted with the Dotard's Passion?

Bam. Yes; and her Interest engag'd; she's to dine at her Aunt's for the Purpose.

Med. Sure, she can't be in earnest?

Bam. Most earnestly bent to expose the superannuated Lover, and his deceitful Marriage-Broker: If you join in the Contrivance we shall have uncommon Diversion.

Med. Join you! Ay, with all my Stock of Invention— Gad, *Bamwell*, I've a Thought will promote the Design— You're not marry'd, I hope?

Bam. No, no; Marriage in this luxurious Age! My Practice wou'd scarce maintain a modern Wife in Chair-hire and clean Gloves.

Med. I'll help you to one shall answer all the Purposes of Luxury, even in this Age: I had some Thoughts of her myself, and have prepar'd a Disguise for the Purpose. Probably you know her.

Bam. Who?

Med. *Dulcissa*, *Gripeacre*'s Neice; she has forty thousand Pound, and personal Charms to tempt an Anchorite.

D

Bam.

Bam. I have seen her ; she is handsome ; but she's too, too modern to relish a plain, bookish Law-Pedant.

Med. I allow it ; but Art and Industry often supply the Lover's Wants : She apes your Aunt *Warble* as a fawning Courtier does his Prince ; she dotes on Musick, and knows not one Note in the Gamut ; the *Italians* have charm'd her without ever having known any but a few of their warbling Strolers ; and is in Rapture with their Language tho' she understands that and *Hebrew* alike— You had a pretty Voice ; I hope *Irish* Air has not impair'd it. [*Knocking at the Door.*] This must be *Sanguine* ; he was to call on me to assist in my Design on *Dulcissa* ; let's step into my Dressing-Room ; there, my Man shall transform you for Atchievements of Love, and I'll instruct you how to assault. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Spruce, shewing in Roseband.

Spruce. Sir, who shall I say wou'd speak with him?

Rose. My Name's *Roseband* ; if he shou'd forget me, pray say I'm come to wait of him by Mr. *Bamwell's* Appointment.

Spruce. *Bamwell*, Sir! *Bamwell's* a pretty expressive Name ; of a numerous Family, I warrant him— Pray, Sir, is this same Mr. *Bamwell* a Brother of the Cloth?

Rose. A pert Puppy, this! [*Aside.*] Allow me, good Sir, to interrogate you in my turn : Pray, what Office do you hold under your Master?

Spruce. I'm but his Gentleman, Sir, tho' I've Ambition and Talents, tho' I say it, to be his Steward.

Rose. Or his Companion.

Spruce. Oh! Sir, your most obedient— Merit, Sir, is not always the surest Road to Preferment, or your Honour wou'd ride in a Coach with a miter'd Crest instead of a jolting Hack.

Rose. Very obliging ! But pray, how comes it that one of your exalted Merit shou'd stoop to be a Valet to any Man below the Degree of Peerage?

Spruce. Oh! pray Sir, excuse me, if I presume to set you right as to the Word Valet: The *French* have imported it to us with the Addition of *de Chambre* ; and,
Sir,

Sir, pardon me, if I beseech you not to do so great an Injustice to the polite Part of the Fraternity of Servitude, as to deprive 'em of that expressive Part of their Appellation, which distinguishes 'em from the common Herd of Waiting-men—— Then, Sir, as for my Humility in serving a Commoner, you'll be pleas'd to know, that not one Peer in twenty is worth serving now-a-days: One might live comfortably enough with a Lord some Years ago; but, now, Sir, they're so extravagant in the additional modish Articles of Musick and Birth-day Suits, that not five in a hundred of 'em are able to pay Board-wages, much less keep plentiful Tables.

Rose. I thought it had been quite the reverse; for one hears of nothing more frequently than the Importation of French Cooks, and elegant Entertainments given by Persons of Quality.

Spruce. True, Sir; but for every such vain Repast the Family's sure to keep a three Months Lent—— Lard, Sir! there are many great Kitchens in this Town are never warm but on Birth-days, or certain other Occasions of State: I've lived with several of that anniversary entertaining Gentry — The good old *English* Hospitality is supplanted by a certain, modish, useless Extravagance unknown to our Fathers—— There's not a Peer in the West keeps so good a House as my Master when he's in the Country; I wou'd not exchange him for ne'er a garter'd Duke in the Land—— He'll be angry that your Honour waits—— Sir, I'm your most obedient humble Servant. [Exit.

Enter Medium and Bamwell: Bamwell disguised.

Med. Mr. *Roseband*, I'm extremely glad to see you; here was a Friend of yours told me of the Pleasure you design'd me.

Rose. Bamwell. I'm sorry he's gone; we shall want his Assistance in our Designs on old *Gripeacre*: I suppose he told you what had happen'd at his Uncle's this Morning.

Med. That I'm to congratulate you on your Preferment to a rich Dean'ry; but, faith, my good Friend, I don't see how you can, in Conscience, accept of it on such Terms—— What! agree to barter away a rich, beautiful

Widow for a Benefice! Downright Simony! Ha, ha, ha— *Gripeacre* measures others Consciences by his own.

Rose. That of Priests, particularly—— He thinks the Parson's Conscience as wide as his Barn.

Med. Ha, ha! Pray, how stands the lovely Equivalent inclin'd?

Rose. As we cou'd wish; in high Expectation to be immoderately merry at the Expence of her Lover— She hopes you'll be Witness of her Mirth.

Med. I design'd it; and have engag'd this foreign Gentleman to be of the Party: *Roseband*, you have made the Tour of *Italy*; have you never seen this Gentleman in your Travels?

Rose. Not that I can remember; and yet, upon Recollection, the Air of his Face is familiar to me.

Med. Ha, ha, ha! What! not remember to have seen the celebrated *Signior Sonata* at *Rome*? Ha, ha!

Bam. So elated with your new Dignity, *Roseband*, as to overlook an old Acquaintance! Ha, ha!

Rose. What! my Friend *Bamwell* metamorphos'd to an *Italian Signiora*? Ha, ha! Pray unriddle.

[Knocking at the Door.]

Med. This is certainly *Sanguine*; 'twon't be proper he should see either of you here: Fly, be gone.

[Exeunt *Bamwell* and *Roseband*.]

Enter *Sanguine*.

Sang. My dear *Medium*, I ask ten thousand Pardons that I had not been with you sooner; but we who are intrusted with the publick Weal are not always Masters of our time—— I've been with some of the Chiefs of our Party to settle Heads of Argument for to-morrow, when the Article of foreign Subsidy comes under the Consideration of the House—— Oh! my Friend! what virtuous Subject can bear these unnecessary Out-goings when the Nation groans under the Weight of Luxury, Taxes, and Drury of Trade?

Who indeed that does not participate of the Spoils wou'd not mourn and oppose the Plunder of his Country?

Wob.

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Sang.

Sang. But, *Medium*, must not he be a Villain of the first Magnitude, who wou'd openly join in the Ruin of his Country to share in her Spoil?

Med. No; there is yet one more superlatively villainous.

Sang. Impossible! who can that be?

Med. He who wears the Appearance of Virtue, and privately concurs in the Plunder of his Country for Gain—An open Enemy carries some Marks of Generosity about him, and may much easier be guarded against than the secret Villain, who stabs deepest while he appears warmest in his Embraces.

Sang. Excellent *Medium*! thou hast a Heart truly honest, truly *British*—O! that we had Numbers of such virtuous Members!

Med. I wish, *Sanguine*, we had Numbers of plain, frank, open-hearted Members; Men that spoke what they meant, and acted as they spoke.

Sang. How pleas'd am I, my Friend, to see you thus rous'd from that Indolence that had long shaded your Virtues—You wanted but this glorious Exertion of your self to compleat you a true Guardian of the Freedom of your Country—I'm charm'd with the Change I observe in you since this Morning—What Company have you kept since I saw you?

Med. The honest and sincere, except your Purchaser *Gripeacre*—I mention'd his Purchase of your Estate to him the better to introduce the Sale of part of mine I want to sell; but the old Rascal wou'd not understand me; he shifted the Discourse to a Subject I wou'd not give the vile Seducer the Pleasure to dwell upon, and so we parted.

Sang. All's right then: he does not suspect my Falshood as to the Purchase. [*Aside.*] *Gripeacre's* a known Seducer; 'twas perfectly right not to seem to understand him, and truly virtuous not to have continued the Conversation; for 'tis often with us as with Women, who, when once they parley, soon surrender at Discretion—But as to the Affair in hand: Where's your Disguise, your borrow'd Complexion, and all your foreign Airs?

Med. I've chang'd my first Plan, and have engag'd a young Fellow of my Acquaintance to personate the *Italian*. *Dulcissa* may be reason'd out of her Follies. My Friend shall push his Interest as far as 'twill go, and just when Matters are brought to a Crisis, I shall appear as the Author of her Delivery.

Sang. I like your Improvement of the Scheme; but if I might yet advise, my Friend, I wou'd conjure you to drop this silly Girl — She's weak, vain and extravagant. In short she's too modern for one of your Probity — If she's not already vicious, there's a strong probability she will as soon as she has a Cloke for Unchastity; a virtuous Maid is a Rarity in this vicious Age, but a virtuous Wife's a Prodigy; and what Hopes can a Man form to himself that a Woman tinctur'd, whilst yet single, will reclaim upon Marriage.

Med. Faith, *Frank*; you're unconscionably severe on the whole Sex. I've heard it observ'd by the dissolute, that the Prude is easier vanquish'd than the Coquette, and that our Woman of Fashion are more abstemious and difficult in this Age of Freedom than in the Days of our Fathers, when they were debat'd the Conversation of Men — Fy, fy, *Sanguine*! For *Julia's* sake shew more Charity for our fine Women.

Sang. *Julia's* an Exception to the whole Sex; she sits high on the Temple of Chastity, and looks down with Scorn and Pity on the giddier, weaker Fair that defile the Floor of the Edifice.

Med. Hy-day — And Gods meet Gods, and justl'd in the dark — *Julia* seated on a Temple, and casting a scornful Eye below! 'Sdeath, *Frank*! thou art madder than the *Alderman* her Father! *Julia*, I allow, is a fine Woman and virtuous too; but you wou'd not therefore refuse all the rest of her Sex every good Quality? — Have a care, *Sanguine*, you've Sisters, you'd be sorry I shou'd think your Censure proceeded from the Experience of your own Family — Be more reserv'd from Motives of Interest, tho' you shou'd not feel the warm Dictates of Charity.

Sang.

Sang. I stand corrected, and own your Superiority with Pleasure — That amiable Virtue of thine will one day raise thee to the Summit of thy Wishes — Go on, my Friend, in the shining Path you're in; you are born to reclaim the Vicious of this Age, and to be an Example to Posterity — I confess my Insinuations of *Dulcissa's* Virtue were feign'd. I was unwilling you shou'd be ally'd to old *Gripeacre*, for fear you shou'd become the Property of Power; and hoped I might have alarm'd your Jealousy of the Neice, since I had found you indifferent as to the Machinations of the Uncle; but I've done — If you can imagine you won't sink in the Opinion of our Party, by an Alliance with so noted an Agent, proceed; I'm devoted to your Service.

Med. As I never own'd Party Jurisdiction, I'm in no Apprehension of sinking in the Esteem of either yours or any other Party — I don't know, *Frank*, what Reasons you may have to dread the Frowns, or court the Smiles of certain Men; but for my part I declare my self a Volunteer in the Service of my Country — I own no Influence but that of my Reason, and that shall guide me as long as I have the right use of it — I honour the Steddy and Virtuous as much as I detest the inconstant, nominal Patriot: And wherever I can distinguish the first, I'll endeavour to copy after him; but without thinking my self oblig'd to any other Subserviency than that dictated by my Reason — As *Gripeacre's* a Slave to Wealth he may be the Tool you represent him; and so may any Man that makes an Idol of Riches — Avarice and Honesty are as incompatible as contrary Elements; and therefore I shall never be perswaded that a covetous Man can be a virtuous, steddly Patriot, however loudly he may be heard to complain of the Corruption of the Age, or the Measures of Authority.

Sang. *Ned*, thou art got into an odd Strain of Independency to-day; I wish it may hold.

Med. I hope it will; and heartily wish all my Acquaintance wou'd act up to that sort of Independency I contend for — A Man truly independent is bias'd by no

D 4 Interest;

Interest; ty'd to no Party but so long as it acts upon Patriot Principles — Have you known any System of Politicks infallible? — Have not our Patriot Guides of all Denominations misled us as often as the Spiritual? — There are some among us who act up to their Professions; and there are as certainly others that do not — Have we not known that caress'd, ministerial Minions had been actual Spies upon their Patrons, and that Ministers had theirs amongst their bitterest Cabalists? In short, I can see no sort of Security but in Independence.

Sang. And this very virtuous Independency you think to preserve with *Dulcissa* in spite of *Gripeacre's* Address?

Med. But why these repeated Apprehensions concerning that old Fellow? Have you had any Experience of his Address that you're in this continual Dread of his Power — Faith, *Frank*, if I did not think you above Corruption, I shou'd suspect that crafty Rascal had practis'd upon your Virtue — I know nothing of *Gripeacre* but this, that as he's superlatively covetous, I believe him capable of any thing that contributes to an Increase of his Wealth — A Ministry have it more in their Power to gratify his Favourite Passion than others; but in my Opinion the best Bidder has him *pro tempore*. I wou'd not swear that he don't even now take with both Hands; he's bely'd or he did so in the late Queen's Reign.

Sang. Thou art turn'd out a mere *Timon* on our Hands; jealous of the Probity of Mankind.

Med. My Jealousy's of the Covetous only — If I knew my Brother insatiable of Wealth, I shou'd doubt his Probity; nay I shou'd doubt even my self, cou'd I perceive the Passion growing upon me — Look round, and view the Havock made by that Fiend Avarice amongst our Fellow-Subjects; look, I say, and cease to wonder at my Prejudice — But hush! St. *James's* Clock strikes Two — We shall be full late for Lady *Warble's* Morning Concert; you'll go before, I'll follow with the mock *Italian* as soon as he comes.

Sang. You'll take upon your self then the Office of Master of the Ceremony?

Med.

Med. Yes, but I expect you'll proclaim his Merit before he appears.

Sang. I'll sound his Fame to the inmost Recess of Dulcissa's little fluttering Heart. *[Exit.]*

Med. And I'll proclaim yours to the virtuous Julia.

Enter Bamwell and Roseband.

Bam. We'll take that trouble off your Hands — We'll paint him in lively Colours to that virtuous Maid — *Roseband* and I have overheard the Conversation — How officious to obstruct your Pursuit of the Neice, and how careful to disguise his Intimacy with the Uncle — Ungenerous Man! Perfidious in private and publick Confidence — He's a dangerous Acquaintance, my Friend; let's follow to prevent any Effects of his Malice.

The vicious, like rav'nous Birds of Prey,
Impetuous move, and quickly wing their way. *[Exeunt.]*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A Room in Lady Warble's House.*

Dulcissa holding a Musick Book in her Hand, Jaqueline looking over her.

A Concert of Musick, Jaqueline orders the Musick to cease.

Jaq. 'TIS a delightful pretty Air, try if you can sing it, Miss.

Dul. *Nequa la Rosa, &c.* *[Sings and screams.]*

Jaq. Bless us! What a Scream's there! *[Aside.]* Why, Miss, you'll soon outdo Cuzoni. Such a Voice; and such a Manner!

Dul. But, do you really think I shall have a Manner? Do, tell me sincerely, dear Mrs *Jaqueline*? I'd give the World to be thought to have a Manner.

Jaq.

Jaq. I challenge all *Italy* to produce such another.

[*Laughs aside.*]

Dul. Sing it once again, and I shall be quite perfect.

Jaq. Any thing to oblige a Lady of your exquisite Taste.

Nequa la Rosa, &c.

[*Sings.*]

— *Enter Lady Warble.*

Dul. O! I'm glad your Ladyship's come to be witness of my Manner — Mrs. *Jaqueline* tells me I've an uncommon one.

L. Warb. *Jaqueline's* no Judge; but a little Industry and Instruction will soon bring one of your Taste to be Judge of Manner.

— *Enter Julia.*
Welcome, my Dear *Julia*. How does my Brother? Mr. *Roseband* tells me he was much mended.

Jul. Very much so, Madam, I hope he'll be soon able to wait of your Ladyship.

L. Warb. Indeed, but he shan't. He must not venture into the Air till he's perfectly recover'd — I design'd to spend the Evening at your House; but now you're come, we'll go to the Opera.

Jul. I hope your Ladyship will excuse me — I'm unhappy in a want of Taste, and have no Relish for Operas. I've seen one this Season already, which abundantly satiates my Curiosity.

Dul. O Dear! That so fine a Woman, *Julia*, shou'd have no Taste for Musick; Divine, ravishing Musick.

L. Warb. No, *Dulcissa*, she had none from a Child. Had she any Taste I wou'd have taken her to *Italy*, the last time I went to that enchanting Country; but, my Dear, Travelling's thrown away upon the Tasteless — Good Sense alone does not qualify one for Improvement, if he want Taste — I've seen a Thousand Instances of the Inaptitude of your sensible Fellows — There's Mr. *Medium*, a handsome Figure of a Man, with an uncommon share of Sense and Learning, they say; but for want of Taste he's return'd from his Travels with not one Qualification of the fine Gentleman.

Jul.

Jul. This, from any other Woman wou'd look like Spite arising from Disappointment. [*Aside.*] I'm sorry your Ladyship shou'd differ with common Fame; she allows Mr. Melville to be completely well-bred.

Dul. O Fy! Dear *Julia*; name him not as a fine Gentleman. He may be a Man of Sense; but I swear he's an utter Stranger to Politeness. Your Ladyship remembers, the last time he was here, how ill-manner'd he was to prefer odious Tragedies and Comedies to dear Operas.

Jul. If Entertainments of Sound and Nonsense are preferable to those of Wit, Humour and Instruction, I confess he stands condemn'd.

Dul. O Dear! Your Ladyship! Was ever any thing so absurd as to doubt the Superiority of Musick; that darling Offspring of Heav'n?

L. Warb. *Dulcissa*, the Subject admits of Debate; for it must be allow'd that chaste Poetry is useful and improving; and was our *English* Stage what I've known it, 'twou'd be entertaining and instructing; but as 'tis manag'd of late Years, what with Tumbling, Dancing, and what they impertinently call Entertainments, 'tis become a Diversion for Children only. Lamentable Degeneracy! But as for *Julia*'s preferring Poetry to Musick, 'tis owing purely to her want of Taste — The Girl had none from her Cradle, any more than that other Creature standing by her like a jointed Baby — Out of my sight, thou incorrigible Wretch! [*Exit Jaqueline.*] *Julia* betrays a want of Taste in every thing — Bless us! how her Head's dress'd! [*She pulls and flattens Julia's Pinnars.*] A Woman of Fashion shou'd never be thoroughly clean nor regular — Out upon't, Cousin! you that go to Court and see the best of Company in Town, to have no Taste — Look at *Dulcissa*; see how slovenly genteel she's dress'd! Oh! the Charms of dear *Négligée*.

Jul. Madam, *Dulcissa* has the Happiness of being constantly near your Ladyship.

L. Warb.

L. Warb. She has the Happiness of a good Taste; what I'm afraid, you'll never arrive to.

Dul. Without your Ladyship's Example my Taste wou'd have been unimproved. If I've any thing of general, I owe it to my thirst of Copying after your Ladyship, whom all the World must allow to be perfect in the Mystery of Politeness.

Jul. Mystery of Politeness! Ha, ha, bless us! What will this Creature be when she has grafted foreign Vanity on her Native Stock! [Aside.

L. Warb. Ah! dear *Dulcissa*! Spare your Friend — The most I pretend to is a certain Negligence which a Woman of any Taste acquires by seeing the World — I'm indebted to Travelling for all that's easy and careless in my Deportment; 'tis true, I had a *penchant* to Negligence before I travell'd, as you've, my dear *Dulcissa*; but except I had seen the World, 'twou'd have sat as awkward upon me as on Lady *Drowsy*, who affects never to hear till after the third Repetition.

Enter *Addle*.

Addle. Ladies, your most obsequious, obedient Vassal — What! no more Company, Lady *Warble*, at this late Hour? — Bless us! What's become of all our Beaux and Belles of Taste?

Jul. What, indeed, Mr. *Addle*; since their Commander in Chief's here. Ha, ha!

Addle. 'Gad! I'd quite forgot! there's a Rehearsal of a new Opera to-day at *Covent-Garden*.

Dul. O Lay! a new Opera! my dear Lady *Warble*; let's go to't — I wou'd not miss the Rehearsal of a new Opera for the World.

Addle. 'Twill be over before we can get there — There spoke the Woman of Taste — Ah! *Julia*! When shall we see thy Charms embellish'd with a Taste for rapturous Musick?

L. Warb. Oh! Mr. *Addle*, think not of her for Taste — Musick's her Aversion.

Jul. Pardon me, Madam, I'm no Enemy to Musick; but I wou'd not spend my whole time in the gratification of a Sense the least useful of all the Five.

Addle.

Addle. Heresy! downright Heresy! God split me —
Hearing the least useful of all the Senses — Oh! thou
cassidels Infidel — Gad! if thou were not so very pretty,
thou shou'd be arraign'd and condemn'd for Blasphemy.

Jul. 'Gainst Sound and Melody! Ha, ha! You
wou'd be my Judge, and *Dulcissa* first of the Jury.

Enter Sanguine.

O! Mr. *Sanguine*! I'm glad you're come to my Relief —
Mr. *Addle* wou'd indict me on the Statute; ha, ha!

Sang. That against Larceny; I suppose, Madam, you've
stole a Heart.

Addle. Good, egad! Superlatively good!

Jul. Pshaw! no, my Crime's Infidelity, arrant rank
Heresy against Orthodox, melodious Musick; ha, ha, ha!

Addle. Nay, Gad! you may be as merry as you please,
Julia; but if Lady *Warble* and *Dulcissa* join in the Pro-
secution, all your Stock of Charms won't save thee from
the Stake — *Farinelli* shall sit in Judgment on thee, and
Annabali shall be of Counsel for the Crown. [All laugh.

Sang. There's a far greater Master in Town, Mr. *Addle*;
Julia shall appeal to his more awful Tribunal.

Dul. O Lay! Mr. *Sanguine*. Is there a new Italian
arriv'd? O! pray what is he, Treble or Base?

Sang. Neither, Madam. His great Excellence lies in
Composition.

Dul. What! Excel Mr. *Handel*?

L. Warb. That he might very easily — Ah! *Dulcissa*!
Did you know the Merit of the *Italians*, you wou'd not
name a frozen, northern Composer.

Sang. Your Ladyship's Judgment's not to be arraign'd;
but were Mr. *Handel* a much greater Master than he is,
he must have own'd the Superiority of this noble Man.

L. Warb. His Name; Signior, Signior — Ah! what
a Memory have I! — He's of *Urbino* — I heard Won-
ders of him when I was at *Rome*.

Sang. Your Ladyship has it. He's of *Urbino*, his
Name, *Sonata*.

L. Warb. The very fame — The celebrated Signior
Sonata — Oh! *Dulcissa*! this Nobleman's the Wonder
of the Age.

Addle.

Addle. Gad! 'a must be a very great Man: His Name shows it—*Signior Sonata!* Gads-fish! What a Name's there for a Musician! How melodious! Gad! 'a must be *Apollo's Firstborn.*

Dul. Dear Mr. *Sanguine*, shall we see the dear Man? Will he perform at the Opera?

Sang. O fy! A Nobleman perform at the Opera! He's a Man of Fortune, Madam, come hither for his Pleasure. Lady *Warble* can tell you of the strict Honour of an *Italian Noble.*

L. Warb. You'll excuse *Dulcissa*; she's young and wants the Advantages of Travel; but if you'll allow me any Judgment, she has an admirable good natural Taste, and will turn out one of our finest Women after she has made the Tour of *Italy*—*Signior Sonata* perform at an Opera! No, *Dulcissa!* An *Italian Man* of Quality perform in Publick!—Fy upon't!—He may be prevail'd upon to compose a select Piece for the Entertainment of the Royal Family—

Sang. Or to oblige a polite, private Society, such as is to be met with at your Ladyship's; where, I was told, he design'd to make his first Appearance: I thought to have met him here.

Dul. Are we then to see the charming Man here? I'm ravish'd he comes here first; 'twill break the Hearts of Lady *Novelty* and her Neice *Languish*, that pique themselves to have the first of all the dear, musical Creatures—Please Heav'n! I'll visit 'em this very Evening, purposely to mortify the vain things.

Addle. I'll drop in at the same time, and second you to oblige my Friend *Dr. Pukewell*: my Life! he buys him a Couple of fresh Coach-Horses by the extraordinary Fees arising from this Incident. Ha, ha, ha!

Jul. Spiteful Creature! Ha, ha!

L. Warb. Do you think, Mr. *Sanguine*, *Signior Sonata* designs me the Honour?

Sang. Certainly, Madam, Mr. *Medium's* to introduce him; he's his Acquaintance.

Addle. Gad! I wish he may be able to inspire my Friend, *Ned*, with a Taste for Musick.

Jul. Pr'ythee, what does all this Nonsense mean?

[*Aside to Sanguine, who whispers her.*]

L. Warb. You're his Friend, Mr. *Addle*. If Mr. *Medium* had a Taste for Musick, he'd be one of the prettiest young Fellows in Town.

Addle. Ay, Madam, if *Medium* had the Sense to study your Ladyship, he wou'd be a tolerable pretty Fellow.

L. Warb. Oh! the polite Mr. *Addle*!

Jul. *Medium* designs upon *Dulcissa*! Impossible! [*Aside to Sanguine.*] Pray Heav'n! he proves to be my Cousin *Bamwell*'s Acquaintance! I shall be in pain till I know his Success. [*Aside.*]

Enter Medium and Bamwell, Bamwell disguis'd.

Med. Allow me, Madam, to introduce this noble Foreigner to your Ladyship's Acquaintance. [*Presents Bamwell to Lady Warble, and the Company.*] His Curiosity oblig'd him to quit the Sun, and his Veneration for our *English* Ladies induced him to make himself Master of our Language before he left *Italy*.

L. Warb. I'm mighty glad of that; for I vow, I shou'd be hard put to't to entertain him politely in *Italian*: I've been some Years away; and you know, Mr. *Medium*, the want of Practice—

Med. Ay, Madam; what People don't practise they soon forget—Here's my Friend *Addle* can't say his Prayers for want of Practice. Ha, ha, ha!

Jul. O fy, Mr. *Medium*! He forget his Prayers, that never misses the Royal-Chapel on Sundays and Collardays! Ha, ha!

Med. The Rogue goes to hear the Musick only.

Addle. Faith! *Ned*, you've hit it—Musick's the Lure—But Gad! the rascally Vergers are such exorbitant Villains, that, except there be some better Regulation, I'm resolv'd for the future to spend the Sabbath-Mornings at the spiritual Comedy near *Clare-market*—Is't not hard that a Man shall pay as dear for hearing a dull Anthem and a duller Sermon, as for a Seat at the Opera?—A Tax upon Devotions, the Devil!

Sang.

Sang. Downright Spiritual Tyranny! *Addle*, you must get into Parliament to put a stop to its Progress. Ha, ha, ha!

Addle. Gad! *Frank*, if all you Legislators were of my Mind, our fat Incumbents should help on the sinking Woollen Manufacture, and turn Wooll-Combers like old *Bishop Blaze*.

Jul. O rare, Mr. *Addle*! Pray whom wou'd you substitute in their Room? Singers and Fiddlers, I suppose?

Med. With a Mixture of Dancers, Madam. *Addle* will dance off the good Stage, whenever the cruel Destinies cut the Thread of his precious Life. Ha, ha!

Addle. Gad, *Ned*, when I make my *Exit*, it shall be merrily.

Jul. That's more than you can tell, Mr. *Addle*; Dying's a very serious Work.

Addle. Your Parson tells you so; he shan't be my Guide to Heav'n.

Jul. I'm afraid then, you'll find it very difficult to get thither—Fy, Mr. *Addle*, you're become a mere Reprobate.

Addle. Because I won't be Priest-ridden.

Jul. No, rather because you make a Jest of Religion.

Med. You seem to forget, Madam, that *Addle*'s a Man of Mode: Religion's out of fashion with most of our modern smart Fellows of Dress, such as my Friend here.

Jul. I can't think Mr. *Addle*'s serious, when he ridicules Religion.

Med. He must appear so, or be hooted at, and pass for an Oaf with all the pert *Virtuosi* of his Acquaintance. Is't not so, *Addle*?

Addle. Identically so, or split me—I've known one of our polite Society, and Gad, one of the sprightliest of them expell'd, but for applauding the Orat'ry of a certain Sermon against Ar, Ar, Ar—the Devil! I can never come out with that Word which expresses their favourite Opinion.

Med. Archangelisms, is it not, my Man of Letters? Ha, ha, ha!

Jul.

Jul. It may be *Arabackism* for any thing he knows—
For shame! Mr. *Addle*, how can you keep such abomi-
nable Company!

Addle. Gad! *Julia*, pretty as you are, you'll die a stale
Maid, except you grow more fashionable—But you Cits
are such incorrigible Creatures!

Jul. I cou'd not have thought the Wretch so great a
Fool. [*Aside to Medium.*]

L. Warb. [*who had been in Discourse with Bamwell.*]
And the dear Man was so good as to think of me! I
shall be in the utmost Impatience till I see my dear Car-
dinal's Letter—Ah! *Signior Sonata*! your Countrymen
are so exceeding polite!

Bam. She still takes me for an *Italian*, and I'm so ob-
serv'd by *Dulcissa*, that I can't disabuse her. Contrive to
free me of the young One but for a Moment.

[*Aside to Medium.*]

L. Warb. Pray, *Signior*, when is your Baggage to be
landed?

Bam. This Evening, Madam; my Servants are now
waiting at the Custom-house—My Valet de Chambre
hath strict Orders to bring me the Letter for your Lady-
ship the Instant my Baggage is visited.

L. Warb. Ah! the paltry Custom-house, that dares
examine the Baggage of Men of Fashion! Pray, good
Signior, excuse the Impoliteness of our Nation.

Bam. The Exactness of your Ladyship's Politeness
wou'd atone for the Uncouthness of a whole People.

L. Warb. Ah! dear *Dulcissa*, what a world was said
in so few Words!

Dul. Oh, Madam! he's the Quintessence of good
Breeding—How he eclipses our stupid *Englishmen*!

Med. With your Ladyship's leave we'll have *Signior*
Sonata's Opinion of your Musick.

L. Warb. By all means—Play some of my favou-
rite *Airs* in *Polifemo*—*Signior*, you'll excuse the In-
difference of the Performance: I'm forc'd, sometimes, to
take up with inferior Hands; but the next time you do
me the Honour—[*While the Musick plays, Bamwell's in Rap-
ture and beats false time.*]

E

Dul.

Dul. Oh! the dear Man! How charm'd was he! How exact in Time! Ah! Mr. *Addle*, when will you be that Man of Taste?

Addle. When I have made the Tour of *Italy*, Gad, you shall see me Taste all over.

Dul. O, never, never! your Countrymen want Genius — Dear Mr. *Medium*, if it wou'd not be too great a Trouble, I'd give the World to hear the Gentleman either to play or sing.

Med. I'm sure, Madam, my Friend wou'd part with a thousand Worlds to oblige a Lady of your Merit — *Signior Sonata*, you hear the Lady's Request.

[*To Barnwell.*

Barn. I do, Sir, and shall make it the whole Study of my Life to oblige a Lady of so distinguish'd a Taste. [*Bows to Dulcissa.*] One easily perceives, Madam, this blooming Nymph to have improv'd under your Ladyship's Care. Were she to appear at *Rome* the whole Conclave would be her Captives — [*To Lady Warble.*

Dul. Oh! The soft Politeness of that enchanting Tongue! — [Aside.

Addle. Ah! *Addle*, *Addle*! When wilt thou arrive to that Sublimity of Politeness?

Dul. Ah! name him not, Mr. *Medium*; name not the tasteless thing the same Day with the incomparable *Signior Sonata*.

Addle. Pshaw, Plague! What's he more than another Man — Here's such a Rout about this Foreigner! — Pox! downright ridiculous, faith!

Dul. Nay, nay, Mr. *Addle*! Less of these *Airs* wou'd become you better — I hope one may be allow'd to bestow Approbation where 'tis due without giving you Offence — Sure you think your self some one in high Authority!

Jul. Mr. *Addle* takes but the Freedom of a Relation.

Dul. It looks more like that of a Husband. But I wou'd have him to know that I'm still my own Mistress — You assume too too early, Mr. *Addle*.

L. Warb.

L. Warb. O thou artful Creature! — Why did you not undeceive me sooner? But come, Cousin, I'm your Friend — Sing *Irish*, or any Language but *English*, she won't know but 'tis *Italian* — [*Aside to Barnwell.*] You're perfectly right, Signior; the Ceiling's too low. We'll have the Instruments remov'd to the Gallery, 'tis the *Italian Taste* —

Dul. O Lay! I shall think it an Age 'till I hear the dear Man — [To Medium.

Med. My noble Friend will dispense with the Ceiling, and indulge *Dulcissa* with a short *Cantata* before the Instruments are moved.

Bam. Sir, I shall ever pay implicate Obedience to that Miracle of Beauty. [*Bows to Dul.*] Madam, would you hear one of your own Country Songs? I've learn'd a few of 'em.

Dul. Oh! No, Signior. *Italian's* the only Language adapted to Musick.

Bam. Gods! That so young a Lady should have so exquisite a Taste, and so profound Judgment!

[He sings an Irish Song, applying himself wholly to Dulcissa.

Dul. Oh! most divinely Excellent! The Language so Harmonious! — What would I give to understand the Words. Dear Mr. Medium, tell me the Meaning of 'em in *English*; they are bewitchingly soft.

Med. How can they be otherwise, coin'd in *Hibernia's* flowery Vales, and spoken by a Descendant from *Cadwallador* — But, Madam, did you understand 'em you won'd scarce forgive my Friend.

Dul. Not forgive him! Why, pray?

Med. Because he invoc'd Heav'n to be annihilated, or to incline you to ease his labouring Heart.

Dul. O Lay! I give the noble Signior Sonata Pain! — Would it were true! [*Aside.*

Med. Would you venture to hear it over again?

Dul. With all my Soul! I cou'd hear dear *Italian* for ever.

L. Warb. Come, *Dulcissa*; Signior Sonata will oblige you in the Gallery, where Echo adds to the Harmony of

the Voice — Gentlemen, I hope you'll all do me the Honour to take a homely Dinner with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roseband.

Rose. Hem! *Julia, Julia.* — [*Julia returns.*

Jul. Oh! Mr. *Roseband*! I'm glad to see one I can speak to without Constraint — Here has been such a Scene!

Rose. I've seen and heard it all — *Bamwell* behaves to a Miracle.

Jul. Pray, what does all this mean? Mr. *Sanguine* told me his Friend *Medium* intends to marry *Dulcissa* — Sure 'tis not true?

Rose. And is the pretty Creature afraid to lose its Love? — Ha, ha, ha — Is then the fair lukewarm

Julia fired with virtuous Love at last? Ha, ha!

Jul. Fy, Mr. *Roseband*! What do you mean?

Rose. That you are jealous your Lover shou'd have Designs on *Dulcissa*. Come, come, Madam; I'm no Stranger to your good Opinion of *Medium*, and your Aversion to *Sanguine*. The World must approve your Choice — If a genteel Person, polite Behaviour, an honourable Birth, good Understanding, and distinguished Worth intitle a Man to the Favour of your Sex, *Medium* claims your Attention, and merits your Affection.

Jul. My Cousin *Bamwell*, I suppose, told you I had no ill Opinion of Mr. *Medium*. Did he?

Rose. He did, and more; that *Medium* had forbore his Addresses to you in Compliment to *Sanguine*, who assured him you had long been engag'd to himself.

Jul. Did he, did *Sanguine* dare say I was engag'd to him? — Vain, base Man!

Rose. Can you wonder at this Instance of the presumptuous Perfidy of one that had constantly betray'd his warmest Friends? — That Man, my dear *Julia*, wou'd betray his Father, Mother, Country, all the World, cou'd he find his Account in the Deception — Curs'd Avarice has monopoliz'd his whole Soul.

Jul. There was a time I had an Opinion of his publick Virtue; but I'm now convinc'd he was a Patriot

in

in Profession only — Monstrous Perfidy ! Dear Mr. *Roseband*, let's contrive to expose him.

Rose. You have it more in your Power than any one I know.

Jul. As how ?

Rose. In the first place, you shall marry *Medium* instantly —

Jul. O, fine Mr. *Roseband* ! — to Repent at leisure — No, not I, — But suppose I were inclin'd to do a mad thing, how shall I be sure that he thinks as you do ?

Rose. He's up to the Ears in love with you.

Jul. He may tell you so, and yet —

Rose. Be a mad Man if he were not — What ! a young Gentleman not in love with a Hundred Thousand Pounds, and one of the finest Women in the Nation.

Jul. O fy ! Mr. *Roseband* ! Flattery from one of your Cloth ! If I did not know you pre-engag'd, I shou'd take your last Speech for arrant self-interested Adulation.

Rose. I'm pleas'd you absolve me of that I detest of all things — But pray what do you mean by Pre-engagements ?

Jul. Ha, ha, ha ! Have I then touch'd upon the quick ?

Come, come, Mr. *Roseband*, don't look so grave upon't — We have all our Foibles — But, to be more serious. I'm no Stranger to your Engagements with my Aunt. I've let my Father into the Secret by Cousin *Bamwell's* Advice ; and I can tell you he approves her Choice and will urge her to a speedy Performance of her Promise.

Rose. You see, Madam, *Bamwell's* an arrant Tatler ; but as he's uncommonly sincere we shou'd forgive him — 'tis now some Months since her Ladyship was pleas'd to declare in my Favour ; but she's in so continual a Hurry of Musick and other false fashionable Pleasures that —

Jul. You have not been able to persuade her to quit them, and commence Wife ; ha, ha ! My Father's your Friend. She talk'd of spending the Evening at our House ; perhaps it may prove a fortunate Night to us all.

Rose. Our Designs on *Sanguine* and *Gripeacre* won't admit of a Change of Situation; we'll send for the Alderman; his Presence will be of use.—But I'm glad to hear you talk of general Happiness: It looks as if you design'd Mr. *Medium* shou'd be a Sharer.

Jul. I confess Mr. *Medium*'s Character of Honour has something so amiable in it that——

Rose. You can't help wishing him your Partner for Life; ha, ha!——thank me, *Julia*, for saving you the Confusion of a Blush.

Jul. I vow you're a strange Man—I don't wonder my Aunt yielded to so consummate an Assurance.—But, pray, what if, after all your fine Speeches in behalf of Mr. *Medium*, *Dulcissa* shou'd be his Choice?

Rose. Pshaw! trifling! you know your own superior Merit: *Dulcissa*'s design'd for *Bamwell*; and I'm much mistaken if *Signior Sonata* and his *Iris* Song do not carry off the affected Toy——'tis plain *Addle*'s out of her Books.

Jul. Here are many Irons in the Fire; pray Heaven some of 'em don't burn.

Rose. I hope not; *Medium*, *Bamwell* and I have a Scheme shall beat 'em all out into Marriage-Chains, if you, my Lady and Mrs. *Jaqueline* join in kindling the Furnace.

Jul. I don't see how *Jaqueline* can be useful towards exposing *Sanguine* and *Gripeacre*, which I think shou'd be the principal Article of the Scheme.

Rose. You are right; and *Jaqueline* shall contribute towards it—you'll allow she's to be marry'd, has Merit without a Fortune, and that *Addle* has the last without a Tincture of the first: *Gripeacre* designs him for his Heir.

Jul. You intend a Link of your Chain shall join their Hands.

Rose. We do——*Jaqueline*, dress'd and painted à la *Mode de Paris*, will pass upon *Addle* for what he dotes on as much as *Dulcissa* does on *Italians*——*French* Wine and a *French* Mistress are the only Deities *Addle* reveres: He shall have his Fill of the first, and I think *Jaqueline*

has Cunning enough to manage him when he has. I propos'd *Gripeacre* to her; but she chose this youthful Fool before the superannuated Miser.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a grave Gentleman inquires for you and Mr. *Sanguine*.

Rose. Shew him up. [*Exit Servant.*] This must be my Patron—Get you to the Company, inform my Lady of our Design on *Addle*, assist *Jaqueline* to get *Frenchify'd* by Dinner, praise the mock *Italian* to the Clouds, and raise no Suspicions in *Sanguine*.

Jul. Bless us, what a Catalogue of Injunctions! methinks, tho', you might have given some Commands concerning your Hero, *Medium*.

Rose. I thought I had when I desired you'd give *Sanguine* no room for Jealousy; but you Women ever want a Repetition of the Name you love—Well! See you don't stare at *Medium*, speak to *Medium*, sigh for *Medium*, Nor—Ads-so! here comes your Nuncle to be—Fly, begone. [*Exit Julia.*]

Enter Mr. Gripeacre.

Gripe. Mr. *Roseband*, I am your faithful Servant—You and I have been acquainted some time, and yet you never were the Man wou'd come and spend a friendly Evening at my House—I assure you, Mr. *Roseband*, I am never so well pleas'd as when I enjoy the Conversation of the pious and learn'd of your Cloth—I am not, indeed, worthy Mr. *Roseband*, whatever the ill-natur'd World may say or think of me.

Rose. The malicious World indeed, oftner diminishes than adds to the Good-name of Particulars, and in this Instance I'm glad to find it had injur'd you—I confess, Mr. *Gripeacre*, I had heard you were a profess'd Enemy to Episcopacy, and that was my sole Reason for not cultivating our Acquaintance at *Tunbridge*—I thought I shou'd be a disagreeable Visitor.

Gripe. I will not deny, Mr. *Roseband*, but there had been some Foundation for the Prejudice you reverend Gentlemen may have had to me; but Religion was quite

out of the question; there were some substantial, political Reasons for my appearing warm on the dissenting Side, which you shall know when you do me the Favour of an Evening's Chat—But for the present let it suffice that I aver to you, I was all along a Church-man in Spirit—I was bred up in your Church, and do you think I cou'd quite abandon my dear Nursing-mother—No, no—I confess I play'd Truant a while; but yours is a forgiving, indulgent Church: But to convince you, Mr. *Roseband*, that I am zealously bent upon paying her filial Obedience for the rest of my Days, see my Care for her Support. [*Gives a Paper.*] No Means so certain to make the Church Triumphant, as she is Militant, as to advance the pious and learn'd, and them alone, to her highest Dignities—Had it been always practis'd, the Scrupulous wou'd have united to her long before this time.

Rose. [*Reads.*] Sir, your Generosity confuses me—so distinguish'd a Testimony of it, unsought, unask'd! Sir, I want Words to speak my Gratitude.

Gripe. No Acknowledgment, good Mr. *Roseband*; your Merit procured you this, as it will much higher Preferment in time—The Deanery will bring you in full four hundred Pounds a Year; I wish it were as many Thousands. I don't know a Clergyman in *England* deserves a Mitre more: And my very good Friend, you shall have one if I live—Take my Hand upon't, my worthy Dean. [*Shakes him by the Hand.*] Mr. *Roseband*, I am your Friend by Inclination; I long'd for an Opportunity of doing Justice to your Merit—Mr. *Sanguine* can vouch for me.

Rose. Mr. *Sanguine*, indeed—

Gripe. Betray'd my Frailties to you—He did, you say—Ah! Mr. *Roseband*, Love's a violent Distemper—It lays all before it; commits Waste upon Age as well as Youth—I see you are no Stranger to my Weakness—Well! my good Advocate, how has my Suit been received?—Will her dear Ladyship allow me to propose?

Rose. Most readily, Sir; if you like her so well as to agree

agree to certain Conditions, and satisfy her concerning certain Points——

Gripe. Ah! thou worthy Man! [*Embraces him.*] You shall command my Interest, Fortune, every thing I am possess'd of—— You shall wear the Mitre: I say you shall—— I'll forfeit you ten thousand Pounds if you have not the first vacant See—— You shall have my Bond for the Performance, thou dear Man.

Rose. By no means, Sir—— your Word——

Gripe. Adds! but you shall; and I won't be said nay—— Well, thou dear Priest!—— Agree to Conditions; and clear up Points!—— Ay, with all my Heart—— The dear Lady *Warble* shall be blindly obey'd—— Ah, Mr. *Roseband*! I have not had a Day's Quiet, since I first beheld that Miracle of a Woman: She is musically inclin'd, 'tis true; but 'tis an innocent Amusement—— She is none of your modern *Quadrille* Dames wou'd spend a Man's Fortune before he cou'd look about him—— She is none of your Forehead-increasing Wantons neither.

Rose. My Lady's much oblig'd to you, Sir.

Gripe. Not at all: She is oblig'd to no Man for speaking the Truth of her—— I am no Stranger to her Virtues, Mr. *Roseband*; for though I did not often visit her, I had my Spies about her. Eh, eh, eh——

Rose. Your wise Kinsman *Addle*, and the wiser *Dulcissa*. [*Aside.*]

Gripe. I have had my Eye upon her ever since last Summer—— Ay, ay! Certain Conditions—— Those must be concerning a Jointure and Provision for younger Children—— She shall have her Way, Mr. *Roseband*.

Rose. I dare say, my Lady won't be unreasonable: But, you know, Mr. *Gripeacre*, Provision shou'd be made for younger Children, where many may be reasonably expected.

[*Laughs aside.*]

Gripe. By all means—— Ay, ay! there may be half a Dozen—— Well, Mr. *Roseband*! I will settle threescore thousand Pounds for younger Children—— Will that content my dear Lady?

Rose. Undoubtedly, Sir; there are but few Dukes can do as much.

Gripe.

out of the question; there were some substantial, political Reasons for my appearing warm on the dissenting Side, which you shall know when you do me the Favour of an Evening's Chat—But for the present let it suffice that I aver to you, I was all along a Church-man in Spirit—I was bred up in your Church, and do you think I cou'd quite abandon my dear Nursing-mother—No, no—I confess I play'd Truant a while; but yours is a forgiving, indulgent Church: But to convince you, Mr. *Roseband*, that I am zealously bent upon paying her filial Obedience for the rest of my Days, see my Care for her Support. [*Gives a Paper.*] No Means so certain to make the Church Triumphant, as she is Militant, as to advance the pious and learn'd, and them alone, to her highest Dignities—Had it been always practis'd, the Scrupulous wou'd have united to her long before this time.

Rose. [*Reads.*] Sir, your Generosity confuses me—so distinguish'd a Testimony of it, unsought, unask'd! Sir, I want Words to speak my Gratitude.

Gripe. No Acknowledgment, good Mr. *Roseband*; your Merit procured you this, as it will much higher Preferment in time—The Deanery will bring you in full four hundred Pounds a Year; I wish it were as many Thousands. I don't know a Clergyman in *England* deserves a Mitre more: And my very good Friend, you shall have one if I live—Take my Hand upon't, my worthy Dean. [*Shakes him by the Hand.*] Mr. *Roseband*, I am your Friend by Inclination; I long'd for an Opportunity of doing Justice to your Merit—Mr. *Sanguine* can vouch for me.

Rose. Mr. *Sanguine*, indeed—

Gripe. Betray'd my Frailties to you—He did, you say—Ah! Mr. *Roseband*, Love's a violent Distemper—It lays all before it; commits Waste upon Age as well as Youth—I see you are no Stranger to my Weakness—Well! my good Advocate, how has my Suit been received?—Will her dear Ladyship allow me to propose?

Rose. Most readily, Sir; if you like her so well as to agree

agree to certain Conditions, and satisfy her concerning certain Points——

Gripe. Ah! thou worthy Man! [*Embraces him.*] You shall command my Interest, Fortune, every thing I am possess'd of—— You shall wear the Mitre: I say you shall—— I'll forfeit you ten thousand Pounds if you have not the first vacant See—— You shall have my Bond for the Performance, thou dear Man.

Rose. By no means, Sir—— your Word——

Gripe. Adds! but you shall; and I won't be said nay—— Well, thou dear Priest!—— Agree to Conditions; and clear up Points!—— Ay, with all my Heart—— The dear Lady *Warble* shall be blindly obey'd—— Ah, Mr. *Roseband*! I have not had a Day's Quiet, since I first beheld that Miracle of a Woman: She is musically inclin'd, 'tis true; but 'tis an innocent Amusement—— She is none of your modern *Quadrille* Dames wou'd spend a Man's Fortune before he cou'd look about him—— She is none of your Forehead-increasing Wantons neither.

Rose. My Lady's much oblig'd to you, Sir.

Gripe. Not at all: She is oblig'd to no Man for speaking the Truth of her—— I am no Stranger to her Virtues, Mr. *Roseband*; for though I did not often visit her, I had my Spies about her. Eh, eh, eh——

Rose. Your wise Kinsman *Addle*, and the wiser *Dulcissa*. [*Aside.*]

Gripe. I have had my Eye upon her ever since last Summer—— Ay, ay! Certain Conditions—— Those must be concerning a Jointure and Provision for younger Children—— She shall have her Way, Mr. *Roseband*.

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Gripe. By all means—— Ay, ay! there may be half a Dozen—— Well, Mr. *Roseband*! I will settle three score thousand Pounds for younger Children—— Will that content my dear Lady?

Rose. Undoubtedly, Sir; there are but few Dukes can do as much.

Gripe.

Gripe. I believe not: But Thanks to Industry and Oeconomy, I cou'd double the Sum, and leave my Eldest a good six Thousand a Year.

Rose. What pity 'tis Villany shou'd be attended with so great Success. [*Aside.*] My Lady's Fortune will make it up full Ten.

Gripe. My Lady has a good Estate, 'tis 'true: But the Manor-house, Master *Roseband!* That's the most valuable Part of the Estate—Hah! My Friend! Eh, eh.

Rose. There is never a good House; my Lady was thinking to build one on a Place call'd *Shallow-pate Down*, but you'll ease her of the Trouble.

Gripe. Eh, eh, eh! And that I will—Eh, eh! And she shall call it *Warble-Hall*, Eh, eh!—Does thee not know, that by the Manor-house I meant the Lady—Eh, eh, eh!—An old Phrase with us old Sportsmen—Eh, eh—You'll pardon a little Waggy, Mr. *Roseband*—Certain Points! Ay, ay, my good Lady dreads I shou'd bring up our Children Dissenters, and expects I shou'd explain my self on the Subject of Religion—Mr. *Roseband*, whilst I was making a Fortune, I cannot say I was a Free-agent; 'twas necessary I shou'd appear, what perhaps I did not so much approve of, in order to thrust my self at the Head of a People that are often courted and carels'd. They are useful as they are numerous and unanimous. I wish, I cou'd say your People were as united—But now, my good Friend, my Fortune being made, I may, nay I will join in that Communion I like best—All my dear Lady's Scruples shall be solved to her Satisfaction.

Rose. You may reckon upon all reasonable Condescension on my Lady's Side: She's with Company in the Gallery, and will be extremely glad to see you.

Gripe. Mr. *Sanguine* is there, I hope?

Rose. Yes, and your Kinsman *Addle*. They are all your Acquaintance, except one *Italian Gentleman*. Come, Sir, they are all your Friends.

To help you forward on your Road to Joys;

And prop your drooping House with hopeful Boys.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I

SCENE continues.

Enter ROSEBAND.

Sanguine's going abroad in so cautious a Manner portends us no Good [*Enter Jaqueline dress'd in the Height of the French Taste*] So, Mrs. Jaqueline! *à la mode de Paris* all over!—'tis pity we cou'd not have the Honour of Mademoiselle's Company to Dinner.

Jaq. 'Twas impossible! This Curling and Painting takes up so much Time— Besides, Sir, my Country Wine may be of greater use to me than all my Stock of native or acquir'd Charms—I reckon my Husband that is to be, has stor'd up a Bottle, at least by this time.

Rose. He has, and more. *Medium* and *Bamwell* took care to fit him for your Purpose: I left him singing *French Catches* and toasting Bumpers to the sprightly Beauties of *France*—Humour *Addle* in his Follies; sing, dance and rattle with him, and he's yours— You can be as frolick as he for his Life, if you please.

Jaq. I don't fear succeeding either here or at the Masquerade, if Mr. *Sanguine* don't maliciously interpose.

Rose. Why do you think he wou'd be your Enemy?

Jaq. To be reveng'd of *Julia*.

Rose. Does he know you are her Relation?

Jaq. I can't tell; but I'm sure he's jealous of her; and the Jealous are ever thwarting others and tormenting themselves.

Rose. How do you know that he's jealous?

Jaq. Because he told me as much just before Dinner.

Rose. Of *Medium*, I suppose.

Jaq. The same.

Rose.

Rose. He saw you but seldom; 'tis odd he shou'd make a Confidant of you.

Jaq. His Method of engaging my Friendship requir'd no great Intimacy—you forget that Mr. *Sanguine's* one of those that know upon Occasion, how to give as well as take—See here what's beyond either Acquaintance or oral Argument. [Shows a Diamond Ring.

Rose. 'Tis a valuable Jewel: But Mrs. *Jaqueline*, though *Sanguine* be an Adept, I shou'd hope you had too much Honour to be brib'd.

Jaq. Wou'd it not be ridiculous for us poor Folks to pretend to more Honour than our Superiors?—This brilliant, valuable as 'tis, comes very short of Mr. *Gripeacre's* Present to you this Morning: And I hope, your being a Priest does not justify you any more than another—Now Sir, in my weak Opinion, a Bribe's a Bribe, whether it falls into spiritual or temporal Hands; ha, ha, ha! But come, Sir, to ease your Scruples, I took this Ring with the same Views you accepted of the Deanery; that is, to lay Suspensions the better to expose the Giver.

Rose. You have ever been a comical Girl—The Gift was conditional, I suppose.

Jaq. Yes; I am to watch his Mistress and vilify his Rival—In short, I am to put him in possession of *Julia* and her Fortune; ha, ha!—I wish she wou'd manage him a little till I have secur'd my Man.

Rose. I'll take care she shall; go, 'tis time you make your Appearance—But, tell me, did you know of *Sanguine's* going out since Dinner?

Jaq. No, is he gone?

Rose. He is, and with the greatest Privacy.

Jaq. Some new Project inspir'd by his Jealousy; but 'twill go hard, or a Parson will be too many for him; ha, ha!—Now for my Share of the Scene! Adieu, Sir; you won't be out of the way—I design to make short work on it: If I can't sing and dance my self into a Wife in an Evening when I set about it, I deserve to lead Apes to Eternity; ha, ha, ha! *Je ouy chanter, dancer, le Rossignol a l'Ombre.*

[She sings these French Words, and dances off.

Enter

Enter Gripeacre.

Gripe. Ah! Mr. Roseband! to flinch and quit your Friend in Day of Battle! leave an old Man to the Mercy of guzzling young Fellows! I don't know how my Kinsman, poor Tony, will wind up his Bottom; but fegs, my Lady's Burgundy had like to prove too powerful for me— That young Rogue, Medium, so ply'd me with Brimmers to my Lady's Health that I cou'd stand it no longer— I hope, Mr. Roseband, he's a Stranger to our grand Affair?

Rose. Intirely-so, except your Friend Sanguine has let him into it; 'tis true, Medium drop'd some Words to me at Dinner, gave me a Suspicion he was not as much a Stranger to your Designs as I think he ought to be: But an Intimacy like theirs admits of no Reserve.

Gripe. Ay, ay; the Secret's out— Medium, the Italian, even Addle has it—

Rose. I do think, Mr. Sanguine's Friendship's to be call'd in question on this occasion.

Gripe. Friendship! Ah, Mr. Roseband! to expect Friendship from Sanguine!

Rose. The Secret's certainly blown in this Family; pray Heav'n your Friend Sanguine spreads it no farther!

Gripe. My Friend! a Pox of such Friends! To my Knowledge Sanguine can keep other Secrets from his Crony Medium; he is not so much his Friend as you imagine; he cou'd betray Medium's Designs upon my Neice to me without much Reserve— My Life he has not let him into certain private Transactions 'tween him and some of my great Friends— Sanguine my Friend! No, no, Frank Sanguine is too self-interested to be a Friend to any Man, or true to any Cause any longer than he finds his private Account in being so.

Rose. I'm no Judge of his private Life; but in his public Capacity I always thought him virtuous and steddy.

Gripe. And let me tell you, my very good Friend, you were always mistaken— Ah, Mr. Roseband! 'tis a corrupt, vicious Age we live in— A Man of Integrity is a Prodigy— Our World's full of Impostors—

Rose. Was it not always the same?

Gripe. No truly; in my younger Days the World was

a Medley ; some good, some bad, as in former Ages ; but this Age scarcely produces any Fruit, but is viciated and corrupted— Ah, my Friend ! did you know as much as I of publick Corruption, you wou'd be sick, as I am, of modern Patriots and Patriotism— I exempt no Side of the Question.

Rose. I'm sorry the Complaint of Corruption is general ; but I should be concern'd for your Sake there were no Exceptions.

Gripe. Why for my sake ? I never would have a Seat in Parliament.

Rose. The World will have it that all the Schemes of Power are hatch'd under your Wings.

Gripe. I won't deny but my Opinion has been ask'd upon occasion ; nor will I disown to you, that I have often advis'd contrary to my Judgment— You must know, Mr. *Roseband*, that I am of opinion a Man may temporize with a safe Conscience, provided he be intentionally honest— *Sanguine* and I differ as to the Intention ; mine is certainly virtuous, because my Point in view leads to publick Utility ; but his cannot be so, as he acts not only against his Principle but in opposition to that one End which all good Citizens shou'd drive to— General Liberty.

Rose. I am not Casuist enough to determine upon a Case so loosely put to me ; when you are pleas'd to be more explicit I shall give my Opinion with Freedom ; in the mean while if you think Mr. *Sanguine* unworthy of Lady *Warble's* Alliance, you can't give a stronger Instance of your Regard than—

Gripe. I have you, Mr. *Roseband* ; and I will take your Advice— 'Tis a kind one— *Sanguine* shall not abuse a Neice of my good Lady *Warble's*.

Rose. A Neice of your own, Mr. *Gripeacre*, conclude the Aunt already yours.

Gripe. Sayst thou so, thou dear Man ? Ah ! Mr. *Roseband* ! [*Embraces.*] You deserve the triple Crown, but a Mitre you shall wear— Well ! thou worthy Man, when shall I speak to her sweet Ladyship alone ?— I am impatient, Mr. *Roseband*, to be in possession of that fine Woman.

Rose.

Rose. Of her fine Estate, old Cormorant, [*Aside.*] My Lady seems inclin'd to gratify your Impatience as far as common Decency will allow her.

Gripe. Ah! Mr. *Roseband*! What do you tell me!— Come to my grateful Arms thou more than Friend.

[*Embraces.*]

Rose. Here comes *Sanguine*; take him to the Company, while I wait of my Lady to fix the happy Moment of your Interview——

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sanguine.

Sang. Hot upon the Scent, old Sportsman—— Well! is Puss quite ran down, or does she hold it, and double upon you?—— I saw the Dean go hence; does he answer your Expectation?

Gripe. He is grateful, Mr. *Sanguine*, tho' he be a Churchman—— I wish I had met with equal Gratitude from certain, professing Lay-men I had more essentially oblig'd.

Sang. I don't understand you, Mr. *Gripeacre*; some Sycophant has misrepresented me to you, if you make the Application here.

Gripe. Here was no Sycophant before you came—— Here was none could misrepresent you to me, Mr. *Sanguine*—— You know I am no Stranger to either your publick or private Character.

Sang. 'Sdeath! Sir, what do you mean? What wou'd you be at concerning me or my Character? How have I deserv'd to be us'd thus?

Gripe. Noise may pass for Innocence and Virtue upon some of your credulous, Patriot Acquaintance; but, Mr. *Sanguine*, I know better things——

[*Roseband and Julia listening.*]

Rose. Enough to satiate our Curiosity—— You must appear to prevent any Excess—— Matters are not ripe enough for the Breach we intend. [*Aside to Julia.*]

Sang. Confusion!—— Pray, Mr. *Gripeacre*, consider I am your Friend from Inclination, my very Interest binds me to you.

Gripe. I don't know that—— *Julia's* Heir to her Aunt. [*Aside.*]

Sang. My dear Friend, allow your self but a Moment's Reflection, and——

Enter Julia.

Jul. So, Gentlemen! in close Cabal—Plotting against our frail Sex, I warrant! Fy, fy, Mr. *Gripeacre*! one of your Probity associate with our Enemies!

Sang. I hope, Madam, you don't reckon me one of the Number?

Jul. I shou'd wrong your Sex and Youth did I believe you otherwise.

Gripe. Ay, Madam, Youth and Deceit go hand in hand——I know it by Experience; but Age and Sincerity shake Hands at past fifty; and strip the Heart of all Disguise.

Jul. I won't answer for that, Mr. *Gripeacre*, tho' my Aunt may—She, indeed, seems inclin'd to think that Honesty and gray Hairs grow up together, which I'm glad of for your sake; but for my part 'till I have full Conviction, I shall believe old and young equally guilty. Ha, ha!

Sang. I hope you did not endeavour to persuade my Lady into your Opinion?

Jul. No, no—You retain'd me of Counsel for this honest, worthy Gentleman; I took care not to swerve from my Brief; I was his Friend, and will venture to say I have not been an useless Advocate——Dear Self-interest quicken'd my Invention, and added Force to my Pleadings——I've an ailing Father, and shall want the Aid of an experienc'd Uncle to guide me in the Choice of a Husband, Ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. And thou shalt find that faithful Guide in me—*Dulcissa* shan't be more my Care——I was always your Friend from Inclination; I am now so from Gratitude, and shall be so from Duty when I have the Honour to call you Neice.

Jul. Oh! the old Villain, that hates my Father and me from Principle! [*Aside.*] I am extremely oblig'd to you, Mr. *Gripeacre*; I shall study to deserve your Friendship.

[*Curtises.*

Sang.

Sang. An offensive and defensive League, I find! I hope you'll both allow me some Merit as chief Mediator— Since the Lady appoints you her Guardian, I hope you will name me your Delegate, that I may have the Honour to call you Uncle.

Jul. O fy, Mr. *Sanguine*! do you think my honest Guardian wou'd dispose of his Ward the very Moment he has taken her into his Charge?—I wish, Guardy, he does not corrupt your Morals—He's a Parliament-Man— But I am safe in your Hands, Uncle, that is to be. Ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. You are so, *Julia*, keep your Heart disengag'd, and I promise to settle you to your Satisfaction--- Mr. *Sanguine*; you are a pretty Gentleman; but the disposing of a young Lady of *Julia*'s Merit and Fortune is a very serious Affair, she is deserving of Honours of every kind— When I see you a Peer I may think of you; but—

Jul. Thank you, Guardian; seek out a Man of real Worth for me, and tho' he shou'd want a Coronet I shall think you my Friend in the Choice; but I am afraid, my good Uncle, you'll find the Task difficult; for I'm much mistaken, or our *British* Soil don't produce plenty of such Fruit at this time.

Gripe. In good truth, *Julia*, you speak like a Woman of Sense— 'Tis a corrupt, degenerate Age we live in; but, bad as it is, there are a few honest old *Britons* to be met with.

Jul. I know you to be a perfect good Judge of our modern Men of Fashion, and am glad to hear you vouch for any of them— A truly virtuous Man will appear so in every Character of Life; he shines equally as a Lover, a Husband, a Son, a Father, a Friend, or a Patriot; he is slow in his Resolves, but steady when he once determines— Of all things I hate Irresolution and Avarice in a Man: The Irresolute are as incapable of true Friendship as the Covetous are liable to publick and private Corruption; and both are incapable of stemming the Torrent of Power in support of divine Liberty— From these loose Hints, Guardian, you may guess at the sort of

F

Man

Man you're to choofe for me [*while ſhe talks Gripeacre look'd at Sanguine and ſhrugs up his Shoulders.*]

Addle. Nuncle, Nuncle!

[*within.*

Mr. Addle calls you, Sir—— [To Gripeacre.

Gripe. Poor *Tony* is a weak Brother—— He has drank too freely of my Lady's *Burgundy*——

Enter Addle ſinging Italian.

Addle. Ad's-fish! Nuncle, have not I made a glorious Progreſs in Muſick and *Italian*? Gad! that ſame *Signior Sonata's* a delightful Companion—— Ah! *Frank*; thou Renegado! Where haſt thou been?—— *Julia*, here too! Gad, ſhe's the Pole, and thee *Sanguine*, the Needle ever pointing North—— 'True as the Needle to the Pole, or the Dial to the Sun, &c. [*Sings.*]—— Ah! Poor *Booth*!—— Gad! He has not left his Fellow behind him—— Poor *Barton*!—— Thou art gone, and our *Engliſh Cato* mourns thy Loſs. [*Gripeacre ſhakes his Head.*]

What! Nuncle out of Humour!—— 'Sfieſh, Man! T'other Bottle will make thee as mellow as a Medlar. [*He takes hold of Gripeacre.*] Come, come, old Dry-bones; I am Sergeant at Arms, and by my Mace, thee ſhalt answer in thy Place—— The Speaker's in the Chair, and Committees are adjourn'd of Courſe. [*Julia eggs on Addle.*

Jul. Fy, *Mr. Addle*; no regard to Age! Perhaps *Mr. Gripeacre* don't care to drink.

Addle. Ads-fish! *Julia*, you don't know my Nuncle—— He loves a Bottle and a Wench with any old Sinner in Chris'endom—— Away, old Fornicator—— Thou ſeeſt I'm no Stranger to thy Paſſions—— Gad! thee wou'd go twenty Mile, at any time, for a Bottle of *Burgundy*—— If he were ſure not to be oblig'd not to pay for it. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Spare me, dear *Tony*. I have drank enough, and you too, too much in Conſcience---- Pray ſpare me.

Addle. Not an Ace, by *Jupiter*—— I won't lie under Church Censure for thee, or any Fleſh alive—— Yonder is Parſon *Rofeband*; Gad, he will excommunicate me except I execute his Orders—— 'Sfieſh! you muſt away.

[*He pulls Gripeacre.*

Gripe. Is *Mr. Roſeband* there?

Addle.

Addle. Ay, and as jocund as a new-knighted Citizen's Wife.

Gripe. Well, well! I will go to keep good Mr. *Roseband* Company.

Addle. Good Mr. *Roseband*! Ha, ha, ha——'Sflesh! How fond the old *Non-Con* is grown of the Church all of a sudden. [*Aside.*] *Frank*, you have play'd Truant now almost an Hour. Speak your Tale in five Minutes---Gad! I won't allow thee a Second more——“And o'er the Hills and far away. [*Exit with Gripeacre singing.*

Jul. A little more, and Mr. *Addle* will be rare Company.

Sang. I won't answer that his Conversation will be agreeable at any time: But I will, that he's always happy.——*Addle's* ever much the same whether his Mistress smile or frown upon him; whether she's kind or cruel, or whether she's true or false----I have ever envy'd that young Fellow his Indolence in Love; but never so much as to Day.

Jul. What pity we don't practise what we approve so much in others! As you think Indolence the shortest Path in Love, I wou'd advise you to tread in no other.

Sang. I'm satisfy'd 'tis the surer way to quiet Madam: But Folly ever shoves out Sense, and ingrosses the happy Path to her self.

Jul. Strange Monoply! I suppose her Title's secur'd to her by Charter; for without some such Warrant one can't well conceive how Weakness shou'd be permitted to lord it over Force.

Sang. One may easily see, Madam, that you are an Exception to the general Rule: You have Sense in Profusion, and yet, I wish I cou'd not say it, you wear that Indolence of Love, which is the Characteristick of a weak Mind.

Jul. Ha, ha——Wisdom and Folly blended in the same Breast! An odd Composition!----I wou'd advise you, Sir, to begin by an Indolence in Politeness. It may bring you, in time, to that other you're so charm'd with in your Friend, Mr. *Addle*.

Sang. How ingenious is Woman at diverting the Purposes of Love, and charging Faults on the Man she hates — Ah, *Julia*! Cruel, unjust Maid! Oh! How chang'd, how alter'd since I saw you this Morning!

Jul. Diverting the Purposes of Love and charging Faults on the Man I hate! — You improve apace, Sir, for a Beginner; tho' methinks, you might have found out some one else to make your hand upon — Alter'd and chang'd since Morning — Pray, Sir, what Encouragements did I give you this or any other Day, shou'd justify the Liberties you give your self — Unjust Maid — Precious Freedom truly! — Do you found it on the Favour, rather Justice, obtain'd for my wrong'd Father? — If 'twas by an Interest of your own, you may be asham'd of it; if by Mr. *Gripeacre's*, to whom you wou'd give the Merit of it, the Obligation's due to him alone: But be the mighty Boon, the Gift of either you or him, rather take it back than it shou'd be your Handle for future Insolence. [Going.]

Sang. Oh *Julia*! stay — You wrong me; most inhumanly wrong me — I arrogate not the least Merit from the trifling Civility. My Soul's above a Thought so mean — My fond Hopes were founded on virtuous Love alone. But, oh! Some happier He has found means to Sap the Foundation, and I am become the Victim of his Conquest — Oh *Julia*! Oh brightest of your lovely Sex! Pardon the Excesses of Love; the purer it is, the more liable to Diffidence.

Jul. I must dissemble to prevent the Discovery of *Bamwell's* and *Jaqueline's* Designs. [Aside.] Strange Policy, Mr. *Sanguine*, to think to atone for one Crime by committing another infinitely more heinous! But you Men have so mean an Opinion of our Understanding, that 'tis but persuading us you love, and you think every ill-natur'd Consequence of the Passion shou'd be forgiven — Jealousy then is the Disease, and your Impoliteness was but one of its Symptoms — Pray, who's the happy He has rais'd the jaundic'd Fiend in your unspotted Breast?

Sang. I was to blame. [Aside.] I confess my Error, Madam,

Madam, and hope you won't oblige me to a further Eclaircissement of an unhappy Mistake, which seems to have had no Foundation but that suggested by my Weakness.

Jul. Well! I swear, you Men are delightful Creatures — You industriously alarm your selves, and then charge us as Authors of your Disquiet. And what's yet more admirable, when you have done all the insolent Mischief you can, you lug in poor, harmless Love by the Head and Shoulders to bear you out without one reasonable Excuse to keep him Countenance. Ha, ha!

Sang. You have the Right of Conquest, Madam, and may use the vanquish'd at Discretion: But, I beseech you, remember that Mercy's one of the Attributes of the Deity, and the brightest Characteristick of a Conqueror.

Jul. A Garrison that surrenders before the Cannon play, has better Title to Mercy than one that holds out till a Breach be made in the Walls of the Fortress. Bring the Application home, and you will find you have but slender Claim to my Indulgence. I was oblig'd to exert all my Force before you capitulated — But suppose I was inclin'd to Lenity, in what manner wou'd you be treated? — Sure, you can't have the Arrogance to hope to go Ransom-free? Ha, ha!

Sang. No, fair Conqueror; I am your Captive from Choice, and intreat I may be so for Life.

Jul. You mean that I shou'd be yours, I suppose — A very reasonable Request, truly, for one in Chains! — Don't you know, Sir, that I am in Ward? Ha, ha! All your Application, for the future, must be to my Guardian Uncle. Ha, ha!

Enter a Servant who delivers Julia a Letter.

A Woman's Hand! Who shou'd think to direct for me here! — With your Leave, Sir. [*Reads and seems confus'd.*]

Sang. Dear Creature! How discompos'd! — Oh! Fool that I was to contrive giving her Pain who so generously eas'd me of mine! — O Jealousy! Curs'd be all thy Arts and Inventions! [*Aside.*] *Julia*, you seem discompos'd! — I hope you have no ill News from your worthy Father!

Jul. Ill News I have, but not from Home — Call the Messenger to the Door ——— [To the Servant.

Serv. Madam, he said it requir'd no Answer, and wou'd not stay. [Exit.

Jul. Sure; Mankind have shook Hands with the Ministers of Hell, and join'd to drive real Honour from the Earth!

Sang. May I presume, Madam, to enquire the Cause of so severe a Satire on our whole Sex?

Jul. For your sake I'll believe there may be an Exception. [Addle within calls Sanguine.] *Addle* calls. Go, or we shall be plagu'd with that Fool again. I may indulge your Curiosity another time.

Sang. I obey in hopes you'll ever think me worthy of your Confidence. [Exit.

Jul. Heav'n's! who, after me, wou'd trust to common Fame! — Who wou'd pretend to judge of the Sincerity of the Heart by outward Appearance! — Confess'd virtuous by the publick Voice; nay, allow'd so, by his very Enemies, and still be a Villain; a close, cunning Villain! — Idiot that I was, to confide in *Bamwell*, or trust even to my own Senses, long before he knew him for his old Acquaintance! — Gods! that I shou'd, after so mature Deliberation, fix my Heart on a Villain at last! — Privately marry'd, and yet have the Insolence to think of me! — O! for some chosen Vengeance from Heav'n to revenge me of the Monster. [Enter Roseband.] See, see; Mr. *Roseband*, see here a Testimony of your Mistake of *Bamwell's*, of mine, of all the World's — [Gives the Letter] Read and agree with me that your Friend, your virtuous Hero, *Medium*, is a Villain, a Monster —

Rose. Bless us! Dear *Julia*! How discompos'd, how chang'd!

Jul. Read, and wonder I don't rush to stab the Villain to the Heart.

Rose. [reads.] “ *Medium* — my Husband — two Children, Pledges of the mutual Tye — this friendly Caution will come time enough to prevent his Fraud — “ I kept the Secret of our Marriage in Obedience — might “ hope

" hope to repair a shatter'd Fortune by your Alliance—
" shall wait of you in a Day or two—— Your unknown
" Servant——

Jul. Well, Sir! What do you think of your Man of strict Honour, now?

Rose. I think, Madam, that was all this true, *Medium* wou'd be a Villain indeed; but as I am morally sure 'tis not, the base Projector only deserves the Epithet—— this is the poor Contrivance of *Sanguine's* jealous Brain; one might read him jealous whenever you spoke to or but look'd at that worthy, spotless Man; but his shallow Practices on Mrs. *Jaqueline* confirm him so beyond any Doubt.

Jul. Did *Sanguine* own his Suspicions of me to *Jaqueline*?

Rose. Yes; and brib'd her high to inform him of your Behaviour——He gave her a Jewel of Value.

Jul. When, where?

Rose. Before Dinner, as he came from the Garden—— this was his Errand abroad after Dinner.

Jul. Was *Sanguine* out of this House since Dinner?

Rose. He was, and brib'd my Man *Robin* to say nothing of it——Penurious as he's known to be, you see he can part with his Wealth to gratify his Passions.

Jul. Base, perfidious Man! He had the Insolence to own his Suspicions, even to me.

Rose. Here comes the Criminal—— Let's hear him in his own Defence.

Enter Medium.

Jul. My Heart wishes and believes him innocent; pray Heaven he appear so to my Understanding! [*Aside.*

Rose. Mr. *Medium*, *Julia* takes it very ill you wou'd not bring her acquainted with your Lady; and for my part I hop'd I shou'd have ty'd the happy Knot.

Med. You speak in Riddles, my Friend—— Wife and Knot! Pray, what does all this mysterious Jargon mean?

Rose. Just as I expected—— I told you, Madam, he wou'd plead Ignorance—— an old Plea with these sort of Offenders—— I never knew a Man steal a Marriage, care to own it, till the Secret became too publick to be kept.

Med. Dear Mr. *Roseband*! Torture me not so cruelly; but speak to be understood.

Rose. I thought I had—But probably you insist upon Proof; here 'tis, Sir, the Certificate of your Marriage.

[*Medium takes the Letter and reads.*

Jul. No conscious Confusion nor other Sign of Guilt in that honest Face, but a becoming Scorn, flowing from virtuous Pride, which extracts the Blood from the Heart to enliven the White upon his Cheeks—— [*Aside.*

Rose. Well, Sir—you are *coram Judice*; guilty or not guilty?

Med. I am indeed, before the Judge I hold most awful on Earth; before her and Heav'n I dare plead my Innocence—And tho', Madam, you are made a Party here, yet so high's my Opinion of your Justice, that I wou'd be try'd by you alone—— Full well I know this Hand, which, if 'twere at liberty, wou'd have chang'd my Name in this Letter to that of the base Contriver of it.

Jul. Pray, Mr. *Medium*, who's the Contriver, and who's the Scribe?

Med. The first, one that had long worn the Name of Friend; but I found too late, the Name was all he had left of the significant Appellative—The other, a deserving young Lady of Fashion, deluded to her Destruction by false Appearances of Honour—Poor Lady!—What the says of Children is as true as that she must have been compell'd to write here *Medium* instead of *Sanguine*.

Jul. O, how amiable and congruous was his Defence!

[*Aside.*

Rose. What say you, *Julia*, is the Pris'ner at the Bar doom'd to live or die? Ha, ha!

Med. To die rather than be thought guilty by her, for whom alone I wou'd wish to live.

Jul. I confess, your Defence wears the Face of Innocence; but if still——

Med. I conjure you to cross-examine my Accuser—Poor *Charlotte* has a Soul too generous not to acquit me of a Calumny she had been intimidated to fix upon me.

Rose. By all means, let *Charlotte* be brought; not that

I apprehend *Julia* wants further Justification of your Innocence, but that Justice may be done to *Charlotte*, and to us all for this Piece of artful Villany—Where does she live?

Med. Here in the *New-Buildings*—*Mr. Roseband*, your Intention's virtuous in bringing *Charlotte* hither; you design *Sanguine* shall repair her injur'd Honour; tis but what he had often promis'd; but I know not how, I am loth to be accessary to an Imposition on one towards whom I still wear the Appearance of a Friend: I cou'd wish rather, *Julia* wou'd take the trouble to examine *Charlotte* at her Lodgings.

Jul. Oh! How lovely are the Struggles of the virtuous Man! [*Aside.*]—My seeing *Charlotte* any where but here, won't answer the Purposes of Justice: *Sanguine's* a common Enemy; he's so to you, to me, and to his Country—A publick Enemy's intitul'd to no Favour; my whole Sex is concern'd in the Injury done to *Charlotte*—Sir, if you wou'd oblige me, you'll join in the Chastisement of our Enemy—But, pardon me, Sir, for imagining I had any Right to be gratify'd at the Expence of your shadowy Friendship—

Med. Oh! Madam, wrong not a Heart that beats but for you—

Jul. Wou'd you have me believe it? Ease mine of the just Scruples rais'd by this Letter?

Med. I fly, Madam—O for some Eagle's Wings to waft me to *Charlotte*! Yes, *Julia*! I'll produce her before the lovely Judge, which holds my Soul in pleasing Chains.

Jul. On that Condition—

Rose. I am yours for ever—this is the second Time I have help'd you out to-day on this very Occasion—Sure I am intitled to Gloves and Favour, was it but for the Blushes I have sav'd you; ha, ha!

Jul. I vow, *Mr. Roseband*, you are a strange Man to make Answers for one, one never intended.

Rose. I have not, Madam; I saw the Words upon your Tongue, and spoke 'em for you for fear your bashful Lips shou'd shut 'em in.

Jul.

Jul. Well, give me a Parson for a good Assurance!

Rose. And for securing the Man you love— Come, *Julia*, out with the mighty Secret, and declare your Choice is here; believe me, a Benefit conferr'd without the Pain of long Expectation, exacts a double Portion of Gratitude.

Jul. A Priest's an unconscionable Dun— Won't it be time enough, Sir, after I shall have cross-examin'd your Evidence? Ha, ha! [To Medium.

Med. Be that the Condition then— Oh charming Maid! You have rais'd me to Immortality.

Jul. I hope your Virtue will— Be assur'd, I'll endeavour not to be a Clog upon you in your virtuous Flight.

Med. Oh! Accents more sweet than Angels Songs!

[A confus'd Noise of Musick and Voices within.

Rose. This must be one of *Addle's* Freaks: Ten to one but he brings the whole Company upon us— Just as I suspected: and *Bamwell's* mock *Italian* Dancers leading the Van— Fly, *Medium*! *Sanguine* must not see you here. [Exit Medium.

S C E N E II.

Enter Addle dancing in with Jaqueline; thrusting before him Musicians playing, and two Dancers in Venetian Dresses; Gripeacre leading Lady Warble, Bamwell leading Dulcissa, Sanguine.

Addle. Gad, Priest; I'll have thee degraded by Act of Parliament— What! eternally poaching for Petticoats!— Gad, I wou'd sooner trust my Wife or Mistress with the first Regiment of Guards, than with one of the brawny-back'd Sons of *Levi*— 'Sdeath! *Sanguine*, will thee suffer these spiritual Incroachments?

Gripe. *Tony's* in one of his merry Moods, Eh, eh— Be not offended, Mr. *Roseband*.

Rose. I am extremely pleas'd with his Humour— 'twill help on our main Design. [Aside to *Gripe*.

Addle. Ah *Julia*! thou tasteless Infidel! to give up your Charms to a Hum-drum Parson of all Men!— View this

this sprightly French Beauty, and take Example by her, thou incorrigible Cit—*Allons, Mademoiselle, une Chansonnette Francoise*—

Jaq. Avec plaisir, Monsieur: Je suis ravi de pouvoir vous plaire.

Addle. Ah, Marbleu!—there spoke the polite Genius of France.

L. Warb. Mr. Addle, if you please, we'll first see Signior Sonata's Servants dance—*Mademoiselle*, you'll pardon my Freedom. [A Dance.

Dul. Ah! Noble Signior! How elegantly do your polite Countrymen charm their Acquaintance!

Bam. I am ravish'd, Madam, my Domesticks are capable of giving a Lady of your exquisite Taste any Degree of Pleasure.

Dul. Oh Heav'ns! How enchanting those Words; how musical that Voice! [Aside.

Addle. We'll have a Country Dance? Here are Couples enow—'Sflesh! Nuncle, you and Lady Warble shall lead up— [Pulls Gripe, about and sings.

L. Warb. We shall have enough of that Sport at the Masquerade, my dancing Hero—Now, for *Mademoiselle's* Song, and so to Cards till it be time to dress—Mr. Gripeacre, you'll make one at *Quadrille*?

Gripe. Your Ladyship commands absolutely.

Addle. *La Chanson, ma Princesse; la Chanson.* [*Jaq. sings a French Song.*] Ah! *Vive la Joie!*

[Sings and mimicks *Jaqueline*.

Dul. The Lady has a pretty Voice; but the French Manner's insufferable—Ah, Signior Sonata! there's no bearing any Language but *Italian*, nor Voice but yours—Might I intreat your last Song once more?

Bam. For ever, Madam, to oblige so consummate a Judge of Musick. [Bows.

L. Warb. Dear *Dulcissa*, my noble Guest will oblige you, while we are drawing for Places—I long to encounter with this lucky Gentleman. [To Gripe.

Gripe. Madam, you do me infinite Honour—you'll certainly win; for your Ladyship's born to conquer every way.

Addle.

Addle. By *Jove*, 'Linco's grown another Creature —
 'Sflesh! Nuncle, thou art quite metamorphos'd — No
 Beau Templer so gallant — Gad, Lady *Warble*, thou hast
 wrought a Miracle — If the Witchcraft Act had not been
 repeal'd, Gad, I wou'd arraign thee for a Sorceress.

No more shall Gold ingross the Miser's Soul,
 Love's warm'd his Heart, his Head, the sprightly Bowl.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter Julia and Roseband, at different Doors.

Jul. OH! Mr. *Roseband*! You have been an Age
 away — Where have you been?

Rose. Did not *Bamwell* tell you?

Jul. No; *Dulcissa* hung so upon him, it was impossible.

Rose. He might have told you of your Father.

Jul. What?

Rose. That he's come and approves your Choice.

Jul. Where, where's the dear good Man, that I may
 bend my Knee to him in Duty and humble Acknow-
 ledgment.

Rose. For a Husband. Ha, ha!

Jul. 'Pshaw! But where is he?

Rose. In my Lady's Closet, meditating exemplary Pe-
 nishment on the Base and Dishonourable.

Jul. Don't he design to appear to the Company?

Rose. He does — *Julia*, you are uncommonly blest'd in
 a Parent — When *Bamwell* urg'd his Consent to *Medium*'s
 Suit, the virtuous Man reply'd; He had laid it down as a
 Rule to himself never to force the Inclination of his Child
 that he had purposely delay'd her Preferment to a certain
 Age, that she might have Sense to distinguish; and that he
 was glad he cou'd then say, her Choice was such as he him-

self should have made for her — I see a pleasing Confusion
 rising in your Cheeks ; and here comes one, whose Presence
 you'd raise it to an Extreme. This is no Place for such a
 scene as, I apprehend, wou'd be the Consequence of your
 stay — Avoid him till you're more compos'd, and pay
 your Duty to your impatient Father. [Exit Julia.

Enter Medium.

Med. Was't not *Julia* I saw go hence !

Rose. 'Twas. She saw you coming and wou'd not be
 persuaded to stay.

Med. Heav'n's ! What do you say, my Friend —
Julia, avoid me purposely ! — Sure some Fiend has
 alarm'd her with fresh Suspicion !

Rose. Where's *Charlotte* ! Does not her Stay authorise
 all that *Julia* can suggest to your disadvantage ?

Med. *Julia*, still diffident ! My Faith suspected !
 Hell and Confusion ! This must be one of *Sanguine's*
 After-games — By Heav'n's, I'll rush upon him and
 justify my spotless Honour in his perfidious Blood. [Going.

Rose. Ha, ha, ha ! your Suspicions of *Sanguine*, for
 once, are groundless — Be all your Rage directed at me
 alone — *Julia* shun'd you by my Direction.

Med. By yours, Mr. *Roseband* !

Rose. Yes, by mine — My telling her of her Father's
 Approbation of her Choice, rais'd such joyous Tumults
 in her Breast as oblig'd me to desire her Absence, for fear
 your Presence might cause such an Increase of Transport
 as shou'd betray us all.

Med. Oh ! my Friend ! you've eas'd me of Grief, but
 overwhelm'd me with Joy, like a Convict repriv'd at the
 Place of Execution.

Rose. Husband your Store of Transport — Remem-
 ber my Hero, 'tis a Winter's Night — Ha, ha ! —
 How's the Company dispos'd ?

Med. As we cou'd wish, the Women soften'd by Mu-
 sic, the Men by Wine — *Gripeacre's* grown frank
 and open ; *Addle* affectionate and noisy. *Dulcissa* twines
 about *Bamwell* like Ivy round an Oak ; and *Jaqueline*
 fastens upon *Addle* like a Leech.

Rose.

Rose. And won't quit her hold, 'tis to be hoped, till she swells into a Wife; the Girl has Wit, and is truly virtuous, therefore more likely to live well with a Fool than *Dulcissa*; she'll certainly manage her present Cards to Advantage if *Sanguine* don't officiously shuffle the Pack—you've let him into the Secret, I hope?

Med. I have. He was shock'd when I told him of the Design upon *Addle*; but when I urg'd the necessity of securing my Rival to Mrs. *Jaqueline*, the better to secure *Dulcissa* for my self, he acquiesced; then I put him in mind how grateful 'twou'd be to *Julia* that he wou'd contribute to the Advancement of her Kinswoman's Fortune — Deception's the true and only Road to the deceitful.

Rose. You're an apt Disciple, Mr. *Medium*, you'll turn out a second *Macbiavel* in time.

Med. Under the Tuition of so great a Master as Mr. *Roseband* — [Bows.]

Rose. Oh, Sir your Servant — This is no time for Compliment, you must to the Company whilst I contrive the Execution of our Scheme — I wish *Charlotte* come.

Med. Poor thing! she's fitting herself out for polite Company, a Pleasure her faithless Keeper studiously debar'd her of, ever since he had her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Lady to Madam *Julia*; she enquir'd also for you. [To *Roseband*.]

Rose. Shew her up. [Exit *Servant*.] This must be *Charlotte*.

Med. Those were my Directions to her — I'll just stay to put her into your Hands, and fly to support my Character in the *Drama*.

Enter Charlotte.

Welcome, my dear *Charlotte* — [She weeps.] Nay, droop not thus in the midst of your Career; rather exert all your Strength to arrive at the happy Goal — This Gentleman's our common Friend. Resign your self wholly to his Conduct, you'll find him a sure Guide to future Bliss.

Rose

Rose. Madam, take Heart — Turn your Thoughts from past Prospects, and employ 'em on Happiness to come; tho' we have to deal with the Artful and Wary, I venture to assure you of Success if you co-operate and support your Spirits.

Charl. My Heart fails me when I reflect on the Danger— Oh! Sir, did you but know the Sternness of Mr. *Sanguine*, you wou'd wonder how I cou'd support it as I do.

Med. Dear *Charlotte*, rouse up the Woman in you. Call forth all the Revenge of your injur'd Sex.

Char. That Thought fires my drooping Soul, and fits me for any thing—— To revenge my lost Fame, the bright Ornament of my Sex—— O! the glorious Prospect!— Command, Sir, I'm all Obedience. [*To Roseband.*]

Rose. This will do— Keep up your Mind in View of sweet Revenge and you're sure to fix it where 'tis due— You must away, Sir, to help to keep it steady in its Course: Be this Lady mine and *Julia's* Care. [*To Medium.*]

Char. Heav'ns! how shall I behold one I had so lately endeavour'd to injure!

Med. *Julia's* all Goodness—— She's acquainted with your Innocence, and is sincerely in your Interest—— I am oblig'd to leave you. [*Exit Medium.*]

Char. Gods! here's Company coming this way! if it shou'd be my Undoer, I am lost.

Rose. [*Looking out.*] 'Tis but one of his Satellites, old *Gripeacre*.

Char. Is that covetous Wretch here? I hate him, if possible, more than *Sanguine*.

Rose. He cou'd not sure be accessary to your Misfortunes!

Char. I owe them all to him—— He was one of my dear Father's Executors, and first introduc'd *Sanguine* to me with the highest Encomiums— There's nothing that Villain wou'd not do for Money.

Enter Julia.

Rose. *Julia*, take this injur'd Lady into your Care— Away, dear Ladies, I hear my old Patron a fumbling up Stairs from the Garden—— Away.

Jul.

Jul. Come, Madam, this Gentleman's our common Friend; we should obey him. [*Exeunt Jul. and Char.*]

Enter Gripeacre.

Rose. Welcome, my best Patron— I've been hard at work for a Mitre, and was just sending for you.

Gripe. And a Mitre you shall wear if my Interest or Fortune can command one—— I was afraid you had forgot the Impatience of a Lover—— But all is well, I hope.

Rose. Superlatively so—— My Lady holds Pace with you in Impatience, and desires to speak with you in her Bed-Chamber for the greater Privacy—— You see, in this Instance, my Lady's good Opinion of you.

Gripe. O! thou dearest of Men! [*Embraces.*] In her Bed-Chamber!—— She shan't be mistaken in her Opinion of my Probity, tho' let me tell you, Master Dean, a Man of my Vigour in private with a buxom Widow, need be virtuous—— Eh, eh, eh!——

Rose. You're arch, Mr. *Gripeacre*.

Gripe. No more arch than able, Mr. *Roseband*—— Eh, eh—— But, cry Mercy—— I forget that I offend the Chastity of your sacred Cloth.

Rose. An old Rogue! how regardful of us when his Interest requires it. [*Aside.*]

Gripe. My Lady's good Wine has elevated my Spirits, and when I am in for it I am apt to be a little waggish. Eh, eh, eh!

Rose. I don't know whether my Lady shou'd venture alone with you in this merry Mood. Ha, ha!

Gripe. Nay, now you are a Wag in your turn, my good Parson—— My Archness seldom descends below the Tongue, Mr. *Roseband*; but, adod, I paid them so off with that Weapon in the Gallery, I thought my dear Lady would have laugh'd herself sick—— Ah! my dear Dean, she's in a rare taking for the Feats of Love—— Hah——

Rose. Mr. *Addle*, I suppose, held you a back-hand—— He can play a Rest of droll Wit with any Body.

Gripe. Poor *Tony's* too far gone to shew his Parts to Advantage; besides, the Rogue's so taken up with *Madamoiselle*

damoisel that not a Word, scarce a Look, will he afford any other—— You wou'd laugh to hear them two gabble *French* together—— E'fegs; she's a pretty Creature, has a fine Voice, and speaks the *English* so lispingly agreeable, that even an old Man's Chops might water at her— Hah, Master *Roseband*!

Rose. I'm glad Lady *Warble* don't see these Extasies arising from Darts shot from other Eyes. Ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. Eh, eh, eh! you Wag—— Ads-fish! now my Mettle's up, Dean, if you don't help to make me happy to-night, I shall be apt to fall foul of my old House-keeper. Eh, eh, eh!——

Rose. My Lady is naturally compassionate; without doubt she will take Pity on a poor Gentleman in your distress'd Condition. Ha, ha!

Gripe. Eh, eh, eh! Good, very good—— But, my best of Friends, do you think it possible she should be brought to Terms to-night?

Rose. When she appoints to treat in her Bed-Chamber, I think, you may reckon——

Gripe. You say right, Mr. *Roseband*; my Lady has been singularly civil to me all day.

Rose. She will refuse you no reasonable Request; and as she must think a private Wedding such, was it but to save Expende, I see nothing can retard your immediate Happiness, except the Formality of Settlements; and you know that Bonds to perform Covenants will answer the Purpose effectually—— Bonds are soon fill'd up.

Gripe. Ay, presently—— O! thou dear, good Man! what a friendly Thought was there! Dear Priest, come to my Arms, [*Embraces.*] for your Sake I'll reverence the Church whilst living, and leave her my Heir when I die.

Rose. Heir to the Halter you'll hang yourself in before to-morrow. [*Aside.*] Supposing you die without Issue, Mr. *Gripeacre*. Ha, ha!

Gripe. A Condition imply'd of Course.

Rose. Then, of course, poor Mother-Church may starve for you: With a Man of your Vigour, my Lady will breed like a tame Pigeon—— Two at every Birth, I warrant. Ha, ha!

G

Gripe.

Gripe. Eh, eh, eh! A very Wag—— Well, I'll lay a thousand Pound she brings me a chopping Boy in nine Months. Eh, eh, eh!—— I have been a sober Man all my Life, Mr. *Roseband*; and I may say, that for these ten last Years, that I have been a Widower, I have kept myself up as you do a Race-Horse, to push with the greater Vigour for the Marriage-Plate—— My Lady shall find me another-guess Man than her last—— Sir *George* was a younger Man, 'tis true, but he was a Shadow to me—— The Constitution is all, my Friend—— Hem!—— I am as found as a Roach, Man!—— Adod, Parson, I want to be at the Sport—— Give me but a Cast of your Office, and I'll work Miracles—— Ha, Priest! how sayst thou?—— You are thoughtful, Mr. *Roseband*.

Rose. I am; but my Thoughts are employ'd for you; contriving how my Lady might be brought to crown your Wishes this very Night.

Gripe. Thou dear Man! Well! and in what manner?

Rose. Thus: When the Company's dress'd for the Masquerade, *Sanguine* shall urge home his Suit to *Julia*; you and I shall strenuously press her to consent—— The Girl will have him, therefore 'twill be unnecessary to give her Aunt any ill Impressions of him—— Now, if *Julia* consents, which probably she will, for Women in Love have all their Moments critical——

Gripe. And so they have—— Well! thou dear, friendly Divine—— How then?

Rose. *Sanguine* and *Julia* dispatch'd in their Disguise, you shall press my Lady to follow the Example; we'll all join in the Request—— And what with Intreaty, the Influence of Musick, the Dress, the Oddness of the Con-juncture, and her Love; I don't think you can fail of Success if the necessary Preliminaries be settl'd before-hand.

Gripe. You mean as to Jointure and Provision for younger Children?

Rose. I do—— And to raise Mirth to its utmost Height, *Medium* shall pretend to marry *Dulcissa*, and *Addle Ma-damoiselle*. Ha, ha!—— My Lady's enamour'd with the diverting Gambols of the Carnaval at *Venice*, and this Medly

Medly will be so much in that Taste, that during its Continuance she may easily be wrought to all you wish.

Gripe. Oh! thou Prodigy of Truth and Friendship! come to possess a Heart of right your own. [*Embraces.*] Feel how it beats with Gratitude.

[*Lays his Hand upon his Breast.*]

Rose. And with Love—— I can perceive it beat to Bridegroom Joys—— Ha, my Friend! Is it not so?

Gripe. So truly so, that my Limbs grow weak with Excess of Joy—— Oh, oh!

Rose. Moderate your Transport, my Champion, or we shall see you lag in your Race to Love. Ha, ha!—— I'll step to see if my Lady's in her Bed-Chamber. [*Exit.*]

Gripe. This goes as I cou'd wish—— If she should take it in her Head to oblige me to perform, in Consequence of my Bonds, she shan't have a Shilling to support the Suit—— No Mansion of mine shall be the Receptacle of Musick-hunting Fools after this Night—— Ha, ha! Enamour'd with the Carnival at *Venice!*—— I'll soon change her Carnival into a perpetual Lent—— Ah, Fool that I was, did not apply sooner to the Passions of this voracious Priest!——

Re-enter Roseband.

Rose. You're a lucky Man—— You hold the Changling, Fortune, in Fetters; my Lady waits for you with the Impatience of Fifteen.

Gripe. And I will at her with the Vigour of thirty. Eh, eh—— I'm her Man. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *A Gallery.*

Bamwell, Medium, Dulcissa, and Jaqueline at Cards:
Sanguine and Julia in Discourse: Musick ceases.

Sang. I'd live in a Windmill before I wou'd be in this continual Clack of Instruments—— Pray does this melodious Trade go on the Week round?

Jul. Without Intermision.

Sang. Is it possible a Woman of any Sense can so fool away her time?

Jul. You see 'tis; and yet, to do my Aunt Justice, her Folly goes no farther.

Sang. I can't see what she cou'd do more, except she erected an Opera, and supported it at her own Expence.

Jul. You forget how far many of her Sex about this Town carry female Extravagance— She might throw away five hundred Pound a Night at *Quadrille* and *Basset*; most upon Tick, to be repaid at the Expence of her Virtue— She might lay out a thousand a Year on Birthday Clothes; a thousand more, like Mrs. *Layton*, on some spend-thrift Rake, who shou'd brag of her Favours at all the Gaming-Tables about Town— She might be every Season at the Head of the Hazard-Table at *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*; and she might, like Mrs. *Pinkmode*, retire from her House, the last two Months of nine, in hopes to conceal her Infamy— She might be the first in every new Fashion, and the first to leave it— She might be the avow'd Encourager of all Subscriptions for the Increase of Luxury; and, was she marry'd, might tease her poor Husband, like Lady *Simper*, to barter away his Integrity for a Coronet and Pension— She might—

Sang. Enough, enough! dear *Julia*— Heav'ns! what a frightful Catalogue was there! Happy for us you are not acquainted with our Foibles, or we shou'd see them sketch'd out, at least, with equal Art and Eloquence!

Jul. With more Ardency, you may assure yourself, as the Publick is much more affected by the Weaknesses of one Sex than the other— I hope you will do me the Justice to think that my Knowledge of either is purely theoretical; but that you may see I am equally acquainted with the Vices of both Sexes, I'll present you such a Picture of yours as my poor Observation is able to draw—

Sang. 'Tis to be hop'd you will soften the Pourtaiture with our Virtues.

Jul. That Task I reserve for your more masterly Pencil; for except I borrow'd my Colouring from Mr. *Sanguine* alone, I don't know that I shou'd be able to find wherewith to give any soft'ning to the Piece.

Sang.

Sang. Oh! Madam; your most obedient. [*Bows.*]

Julia, my Life shall be one continu'd Study to merit that good Opinion you seem to have of me.

Jul. Study to be your Country's Friend, and you will merit the good Opinion of Mankind as you do mine.

Sang. Ten thousand Blessings on that harmonious Patriot Tongue!— Yes, *Julia*! I will be that Friend to *England* you wish me.

Jul. You may imagine I believ'd you wou'd when I consented to put myself under your Direction.

Sang. Oh! thou fair Blessing!— O! for some ministering Angel to waft us to some pious, good Man that shou'd join our Hands for ever!

Jul. There needs no supernatural Aid whilst Mr. *Roseband's* in the House.

Sang. A want of Memory owing to Excess of Love!— Ah! *Julia*, will you excuse a fond Proposal I shall make?

Jul. I don't think you capable of making an unreasonable one.

Sang. No, *Julia*; I shou'd with less Reluctance offend Heav'n than you— This is to be a Night of Pleasure; may I hope you will contribute to make it completely so?

Enter Addle.

'Sdeath! here's that Fool again— Unlucky Animal!

Jul. I can't say so; I am sated a World of Untruth by his coming. [*Aside.*]

Addle. What! still billing like a Pair of cooing Turtles!— Gad, *Frank*, if you go on in this homely Trade of Constancy, you will have all the fashionable Hangers in Town at your Throat.

Jul. Ha, ha! And I all the polite Bodkins at my Breast— I'll prudently make my Exit, Mr. *Addle*, till you shall have made my Peace with *Mademoiselle* and *Dulcissa*. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Julia.*]

Addle. You may e'en go thy ways; for till thee art born again, thee'll be eclips'd by that sprightly, charming Foreigner— As for *Dulcissa* she has an Itch to Taste, 'tis true, but the Girl wants it here, *Frank*. [*Points to his Forehead.*] The Devil! *Sanguine*! thou art as melancholy

as an old Mouſer after the Loſs of her Cheeſe-eating Prey—— Pſhaw! Pox! take Heart, Man; ſhe'll be as ſurely here again as a Parſon to collect his Eaſter-Offerings—— A Woman can no more ſtay from the Man ſhe loves than a Butterfly from ſingeing her Wings in a Candle.

Med. Gra'mercy, little *Addle*!—— Such a Flow of Wit, and not directed to your Miſtreſs——

Addle. Gad, *Ned*, this was by way of Whet only—— When the Game is up, *Madamoifelle* ſhall have it by wholeſale.

Jaq. O, Sir, de Game's don't, an'twan't, me vid forſake al Gam's in de Varld to hear ſo poli a Gentelman diſple his fin Tallans. [*Riſes from Cards.*]

Addle. *Allons donc, ma Déeſſe, jouons en un parti d'Esprit?*

Jaq. *Monsieur, le parti ſeroit inegal; car notre Sex n'aſ pas la Force du voire.*

Addle. Ah, morbleu! *Vive toujours la Politeſſe Francoiſe.*

Med. Good, *Addle*, ſhew a little more of *Engliſh* Politenefs—— Speak a Language all the Company underſtand.

Jaq. I demaund Pardone, Sir—— *Monsieur a raiſon.* [*To Addle.*]

Addle. Come, *Madamoifelle*, we'll quit theſe Humdrums, and ſhew out at the other End of the Gallery——

Allons ma Reine. [*He dances down with Jaqueline.*]

Med. Frank, you and I but ſpoil Sport here; let us amuſe ourſelves with viewing the Drefſes in the next Room. [*Exeunt Med. and Sang.*]

Dul. That young Fellow, *Addle*, is ſo particular in his Whims; ſo unpolite! I bluſh for him as a Relation—— Ah! *Signior*! you *Italian* Gentlemen are ſo well-bred!

Bam. I ſhou'd wonder if thoſe of this Nation were not the beſt bred Men in *Europe*, that have the Advantage of converſing with the politeſt Ladies in the World.

Dul. Oh! obliging *Signior Sonata*! We can't pretend to vie with the *Italian* Ladies.

Bam. If I may judge of the whole from the bright Example before me, there's not the leaſt room for Compariſon——

parison — Your Politeness wou'd put the best Breed of our Princesses out of Countenance.

Dul. Oh! Signior! you're so infinitely engaging — I shou'd grow vain, indeed, cou'd I persuade my self that so great a Judge as *Signior Sonata*, saw any thing particular in my Taste or Manner.

Bam. See, Madam — I see Charms wou'd captivate the Heart of an Emperor — Oh! that I were some mighty Sovereign to lay my Crown and Sceptre at your adorable Feet.

Dul. Heav'ns! what Elegance in so few Words! — Adorable Feet — [*Aside.*] And wou'd you, good *Signior Sonata*, stoop from a Throne to me?

Bam. I wou'd from Heav'n, Madam, and think my self dignify'd in the Choice — Oh! Madam, wou'd you deign to bless me, I'd purchase an *Italian* Principality shou'd set you far above the greatest of your Dutchess's.

Dul. O, lay! Are Principalities to be bought in your Country?

Bam. Yes, Madam; by one that has the Honour to be related to his Holiness.

Dul. Dear *Signior Sonata*, are you related to the Pope?

Bam. Descended from the same Stock, both by Father and Mother — Oh, Madam! Allow me to introduce an *English* Beauty to my Kinsman, that shall reflect Honour on his Family, and add Lustre to his Court.

Dul. Oh! Signior! how irresistible are your Countrymen! [*Addle laughs aloud.*] Unpolite Wretch! Pray, good Signior, excuse the Rudeness of our *Englishmen*. Mr. *Addle*, at best, is uncourtly; but to-day he's intolerable. [*Addle laughs again.*] there's no bearing this —

[*She goes to Addle.*]

Enter Julia.

Bam. Ply her Cousin, she's on the Brink of Matrimony. Push her, and she flounces into the Noose.

[*Aside to Julia.*]

Dul. Fy, Mr. *Addle*, to behave so rudely in the Presence of a Foreign Nobleman!

Addle. 'Flesh! What Foreigner shall dare debar an *Englishman* of Liberty? Here's such ado about this

Musical Man! — Pr'ythee put him into a Cage along with your new, warbling Parrot, and feed him with Maple Bisket — Come, *Mademoiselle*, let's seek out more agreeable Company.

Jul. Do, Mr. *Addle*, *Long's* Man's in the next Room with Dresses — Go, and choose for *Mademoiselle*.

Addle. And so we will — *Au choix d'habit, ma Mignone* —

Allons, belle Iris.

Allons a l'ombre.

Allons jouer d'amour.

[*Exeunt Addle and Jaq. Singing.*

Dul. *Julia*, are the Dresses come?

Jul. They are, and when your Uncle and my Aunt have settl'd Preliminaries, we'll all go to dress.

Dul. O Lay! What Matters can they have to settle?

Jul. Such as is to be settl'd betwixt you and this Nobleman — Marriage —

Dul. Well! I'm ravish'd to think I shall call dear Lady *Warble* Aunt.

Bam. And I with the hopes of calling old *Gripeacre* Uncle.

[*Aside to Julia.*

Dul. She was extremely obliging to him all Day; I thought there was somewhat more than ordinary in't.

Jul. There's so much in't, that except you're expeditious, your Uncle will out-strip you in your Race to Bliss — Come, *Dulcissa*, you've a Taste; improve it by the Conversation of the politest Courtier of the Age — lose no time, my Girl of Taste, but fly to shine at the refin'd Courts of *Italy*.

Bam. Oh! Madam! Ease my Soul of the horrid Weight of Incertainty —

[*He takes her Hand, kneels and sings an Irish Song.*

Dul. Oh, Heav'ns! *Julia*, the bewitching Charms of *Italian* are not to be withstood! O, Lay! the dear Man kneels all this while — Not for the World, Signior — Rise, I beseech you — O Dear! — The Pope's Relation kneel! —

Bam. The Pope himself, old as he is, wou'd grow here to feast as I do.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Dul.

Dul. Oh! I feel the balmy Warmth of his Lips at my Heart! [*Aside.*] Well! thou dear Man! You're not to be controul'd — Pray rise — Be it my Province to obey for the time to come — My dear *Julia*, there is a Destiny in Marriage we can't avoid — When shall we see you yield to it.

Jul. This very Night, I hope; you lead the Van, I'll bring up the Rear. —

Enter Roseband.

Mr. Roseband, you're come most opportunely; here's a happy Pair want to be made so for Life.

Rose. I've been just doing as much for *Mr. Addle* and *Mademoiselle*, in the presence of *Mr. Sanguine* and *Medium*.

Dul. I'm glad from my Soul, *Addle's* marry'd first, my Uncle will have the less Reason to blame my Conduct — Dear *Julia*! How harmonious are the Words, *Dulcissa*, *Sonata*. How delightful to polite Ears! Now, wou'd that unbred Creature *Addle* but *Italianize* his Name to *Adelia*, one might bear it.

Rose. All the Learn'd of *Oxford* and *Cambridge* cou'd not give it the Harmony of the word *Sonata*. Every Letter of this carries a *sol fa* with it — Here's Company; this way, to set 'em to the Matrimonial Key. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Bed-chamber.

Gripeacre, *Lady Warble* sitting; *Alderman Export* listening.

Gripe. Ah! Lady! I am none of your sneaking Lovers, I obey implicitly —

L. Warb. There remains but —

Gripe. But — Adsbud, Madam, if there remains the Shadow of a Scruple your sweet Ladyship shall be satisfied — I'll have no Buts, nor Ifs in my way.

L. Warb. A religious Qualm only, *Mr. Gripeacre*; you'll excuse it.

Gripe. I understand you, Madam; from this Moment I renounce the Meeting, and all the sanctify'd Brethren that go to it,

L. Warb.

L. Warb. Uncommon Condescension! But shou'd you prejudice your Interest by so sudden a Departure from your customary Worship?

Gripe. A Nut-shell for Interest when a Man's Master of three hundred thousand Pounds—— I'll tell you what, Madam; I was always in the Bosom of the Church till the Second of *Queen Anne*; then, indeed, I elop'd from her—— Towards the Close of that Reign I return'd to my Obedience, and wou'd have continued with the Nursing-Mother ever since, if that good Princess had lived, He who wou'd rise in the World, Madam, must suit his Religion and Politicks to the Seasons.

Ald. Exp. O, Villain of Villains! how frank and open from the Power of Love and Wine! [*Aside.*

L. Warb. But, my condescending Lover, how shall I be made sensible that you sincerely return to the Church whilst your political Principles are diametrically repugnant to hers?

Gripe. To give your dear Ladyship intire Satisfaction, I will let you sincerely into my Character for almost forty Years last past—— Whilst I herded openly with the Tories I had the good luck to be thought a secret Whig by the Chiefs of that Party, and since I have openly avow'd Whigism, I have been as fortunate the other Way—— The Character requir'd Art and Industry to support it; and but very few have surmounted the Difficulty, tho' I have known very many attempt it.

L. Warb. I can't tell what the publick Opinion was of you whilst you appear'd on the Tory Side of the Question; but I believe the World thinks you now sincerely in the modern, Whig Interest.

Gripe. The Publick is often a wretched Guide to Truth—— The modern, political System consists chiefly in imposing on the Publick; he that can do it most artfully is cry'd up for a Patriot Statesman; and believe me, Madam, this sort of modern Patriotism is not confin'd to any Party Denomination amongst us—— If I had not been deeply skill'd in the deluding Science, I shou'd not have been able to settle upon your Ladyship as I oblige myself

myself by that Bond in your Hand—— As Matters stand now between us, you have a right to participate of every Secret of my Heart—— You must know then, that I am, from Principle, an Enemy to those that caress and intrust me—— My secret Intelligence and Machinations have been of more use to your Friends than the *Dissertation upon Parties*, or even a certain late memorable *Sebome*; which last, by the bye, was a *Nostrum* of my Projection—— Lord *Steddy* is your Ladyship's Intimate, he will inform you of my singular Merit with his Party.

Ald. Exp. Infamous Betrayer! and superlatively villainous to make a Merit of his Infamy—— Oh! dear, publick Virtue, whither art thou flown? [*Aside.*]

L. Warb. Well, Sir! I shou'd strive in vain did I endeavour, any longer, to disguise my Sentiments from one that has had the Address to impose on our ablest Statesmen: I own your superior Abilities, and shall commit my future Conduct to your unerring Judgment.

Enter Roseband.

Gripe. Ah! Mr. *Roseband*, my faithful Friend! You have been my Guide to this Miracle of Goodness—— Ah Lady! now for a Cast of the Chaplain's Office to complete my Happiness—— How sayst thou, Lady—— Hah——

L. Warb. What, so soon, Mr. *Gripeacre*——

Rose. See, Madam, your Brother comes to give you away—— The Alderman's in the merriest Mood in Nature; you must humour him in all his Freaks; 'twill be of singular use in your Designs on the Sister. [*To Gripe.*]

Enter Alderman Export.

L. Warb. My dear Brother! this was a kind Visit; I'm glad you are able to come abroad.

Exp. A Man abandon'd as I am must make an Effort—— Who have we here? What! marry'd, Sister?

Rose. No, Sir; but in the high Road to it—— Mr. *Alderman*, you know this Gentleman, Mr. *Gripeacre*.

Exp. Mr. *Gripeacre*! the worthiest Man alive. [*Salutes.*] Sir, I honour your Merit and Profession—— What News from the Cabinet, my Statesman? Are the Schemes of Power full ripe? are Employments bestow'd on the virtuous

tuous Supporters of Might? Are our Bishops orthodox; our Courtiers honest? Is the Minority brib'd? Ha! my precious Understrapper! Is our Trade secur'd by Treaty?— News, News, Mr. *Gripeacre*; I want News, for I have been an Age in Ignorance.

Rose. The Effects of a distemper'd Brain!— Humour his Curiosity. [To *Gripe*.

Gripe. The World is just as you have known it, Mr. *Alderman*; most Men wear the Appearance of Virtue as Courtezans do Modesty, to inveigle with the greater Certainty; our Ministers act within their proper Sphere; our Prelates quite wide of theirs; the Court's the Meridian of the one, a Diocese that of the other—— The Minority are just such Patriots as the Majority wou'd be, if these last had the ill Luck to be forced to an Exchange; our Trade is as well secur'd as dear Self-preservation will permit.

Exp. There spoke the Genius of modern Patriotism— Let me embrace thee, thou dear Epitome of fashionable, publick Spirit. [*Embraces.*] Sister, if you are for marrying, let this sincere Man be your Choice— He's cut out for the World we live in.

L. Warb. I am extremely pleas'd, Brother, you approve of a Choice I had Thoughts of making.

Exp. Approve! Ay, with both my Hands—— What wou'd a gay Lady have but a Man will support her Vanities at the Expence of his Honour, his Country; nay, of his very Soul!—— I wish I could find such another for my *Julia*.

Rose. This is as we wou'd have it: Indulge him to the last. [*Aside to Gripeacre.*

Gripe. Mr. *Alderman*, there is a Gentleman in the House will answer all your Views in the Choice of a Son-in-law.

Exp. His Name, thou dear, trusty Worldling?

Gripe. *Sanguine*, a Gentleman of Fortune, and with just such Talents as you wish for.

Exp. Will he betray his Friend and his Country to satiate his Avarice? Will he be a Pimp, a Sycophant, a *Proteus*, to rise to Power and Dignity?— If he answer
this

this Description, produce him, and I adopt him my Heir.

Enter Julia in a Masquerade-Habit.

Rose. Here's one will be pleas'd with your Approbation of the Man she loves.

Exp. Hy-day! what's to do now? I thought Mummery went out of Fashion with our good old *English* Hospitality——*Julia*, what does all this mean?

L. Warb. We are all going to a Masquerade at Lord *Squanderall's*, I hope, Brother, you'll make one with us.

Exp. With all my Heart; since 'tis the Mode to appear that one has least Title to, why shou'd I be singular—Brother *Gripeacre*, you shall be dress'd as a Patriot *Cato*; Mr. *Roseband* as a dissenting Teacher, and I like an *Oliver*, or *Bradshaw*— Let the Free-thinking Rakes wear Lawn, and the unchaste Maids be attired as Vestals—— Come, old Friend, we will make a Holy-day; this is my Lady's Wedding-day.

[*Takes Gripeacre by the Hand, sings and dances off.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Gallery, Musick playing.*

Sanguine, Medium, Bamwell, Addle, Dulcissa, Julia, and Jaqueline in Masquerade-Habits.

Addle. Musick without Dancing is as insipid as Venison without sweet Sauce: Come, Ladies and Gentlemen, let's have a Country-Dance.

Jul. Rather let *Signior Sonata's* Servants entertain us with an Antick.

Addle. *Julia*, you are right for once, for my Goddess don't understand our Country-Dancing—— Ho! *Signior, Signior*—— [Calls out to the Dancers behind the Scenes.

Enter two Dancers in Harlequin-Dresses, whilst they are dancing: Enter Export, pulling in Gripeacre, Lady Warble and Roseband; all in Masquerade-Habits: They dance the Hays; Gripeacre sings and skips about, holding Lady Warble by the Hand.

L. Warb. Enough, enough, good vigorous Lover——
Brother,

Brother, you'll be acquainted with the Company— This is *Signior Sonata*, an *Italian Noble*. [*Presents Barnwell.*]

Exp. I honour you, Sir, for the refin'd Policy of your Country-men that raise Estates by reducing *English* Valour to *Italian* Effeminacy. [*Salutes Barnwell.*]

Rose. Mr. *Alderman*, permit me to introduce the polite Mr. *Addle* to your Acquaintance.

Addle. Most noble Citizen, I'm yours from my *Pericranium* down to my great Toe; rat me, [*Capers.*]

Exp. I am afraid, Sir, your Extremities are equally light. [*Salutes.*]

Addle. Ha, ha, ha! Good, y'gad! I see the Alderman has his Intervals.

L. Warb. This, *Mademoiselle Adroit*, a *French* young Lady. [*Presents Jaqueline.*]

Exp. A Name wou'd well fit all her Countrymen— They have been so *Adroit* as to lull some of their Neighbours to sleep for Years, and to strip 'em of their Trade during the Lethargy.

Addle. Excellent, by *Jove*— Gad! that was a smart Stroke—

Rose. Sir, this is Mr. *Medium*.

Exp. By his Name he shou'd be wise and honest, but unfashionable— But far be it from me, Sir, to arraign a modern, polite Gentleman of any thing so obsolete as Virtue.

Addle. Gad! this is the wisest Mad-man I have ever known.

L. Warb. This, Brother, is *Dulcissa*, my peculiar Favourite.

Exp. I warrant her a Lover of Musick; for she is the Picture of Harmony.

Addle. Gad! this is one of your prophetick Mad-men.

Dul. Bless us! that he cou'd judge of ones Taste by the Lineaments of the Face!

Exp. What has that Gentleman done that he can't find an Introduc'tor among you? [*Pointing to Sanguine.*]

Rose. That Honour is reserv'd for your Daughter, Mr. *Alderman*; he wou'd be introduc'd by no other Hand.

Jul.

Jul. I find, I must to my Office—— Sir, this is Mr. *Sanguine*, a Gentleman well worth your Acquaintance. [*Presents Sanguine.*]

Exp. We have many fashionable Gentlemen of your Name. They are, most of 'em too, Men of true modern Worth——Yours, Sir, was a good, old *Englisb* Name in the last Century; you best know if the Family be degenerated.

Gripe. Mr. Alderman, this is the Gentleman I recommended to you for a Son-in-law.

Exp. Your Recommendation, Brother to be, shall always have weight with me——Let me see if he be well put together. [*Turns Sanguine about.*] The Man's well-built——this will do, Brother *Gripeacre*.

Addle. Gad! *Frank*, I expect to see thee, next Market-day at *Smithfield*, with a Score *Jockeys* about thee measuring the Width of thy Back and Shoulders. Ha, ha, ha!

Sang. Peace, dear *Addle*; disturb not the old Gentleman in his Humour. [*Aside to Addle.*]

Exp. I shou'd hate a modern Pigmy-Shadow for a Son-in-law——Give me a hale, strong-made young Fellow to raise Heirs to an Estate——[*Turns Sanguine about; while Export turns Sanguine about, Julia retires, and Charlotte takes her Place, in the same Dress and Posture.*] This is as it shou'd be——Brother *Gripeacre*, you have match'd my Girl like an experienc'd Naturalist——Take her, Sir, and make me a Grandfather in nine Months——Mr. *Roseband* will rivet you together. What! in Tears, *Julia*! Excess of Joy——Let her maiden Qualms be indulg'd——Go, Priest, do thy Office in the next Room; my Life, she says Yes in the Dark——

Sang. Sir, I receive this precious Gift as the fairest Heaven, or you cou'd bestow. [*Takes Charlotte's Hand.*]

Exp. Use her well, as you expect the Approbation of Heav'n——Away, Parson; sit on the holy Shackles.

[*Exeunt Sang. Charl. and Rose.*]

Addle.

Addle. Gad! a good merry way of banishing the impertinent Ceremonial of Matrimony; ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. And so it is—— Eh, eh! —— Good! come, Cousin *Addle*, let the *Italian Gentleman* tack thee to *Mademoiselle*, Eh, eh—— Come, let the Joke go round, Eh, eh! you shall do as much for him and *Dulcissa*. Eh, eh, eh!

Addle. Good, joking old Gentleman, you may be as merry as you please; but I have taken care to be marry'd without your Eh, eh, eh—— Come, old Eh, eh! come and salute your Kinswoman——

[*Gripeacre salutes Jaqueline.*

Gripe. Eh, eh! very good—— This is as it shou'd be—— A Joke well spun—— Eh, eh!

Med. Mr. *Gripeacre* allow me to present this Gentleman to you as your Nephew. [*Gripeacre salutes Bamwell.*

Gripe. Eh, eh—— Excellent! true Carnival Gambols! Eh, eh—— A Joke most excellently spun. Eh, eh—— My Lady, 'twill be our Turn next—— Eh, eh.

Enter Sanguine leading Charlotte, Roseband.

Bam. No Joke like a true one, Mr. *Gripeacre*—— Pray, Mr. *Roseband*, declare the Truth as to my Marriage with this young Lady, and Mr. *Addle's* to *Mademoiselle*.

Rose. Mr. *Gripeacre*, 'tis very true; I marry'd them about an Hour ago—— You'll pardon me that I did not insist upon the Ceremony of your giving the Ladies away. Ha, ha!

Addle. The Fact is so, my worthy joking Kinsman. Eh, eh!

Dul. Uncle, I hope you'll pardon——

Gripe. Ouns! thou *Jezebel*—— [*Runs at Dulcissa.* Ouns, Sir, who are you? what are you? [*To Bamwell.*

Bam. My Name's *Bamwell*, an old Acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Gripeacre*—— What! don't you know me?

[*Pulls off his Disguise.*

Gripe. Bam the Devil!—— I'm chows'd, I'm trick'd—— Ouns! I'll have a Lord Chief Justice's Warrant for you all; a Parcel of Villains——

[*Going*
Sang

Sang. Nay, Prithee, Uncle *Gripeacre*, stay to take my Aunt *Warble* with you. Ha, ha!

Gripe. What then, Patriot *Sanguine*, you have been in the Confederacy against me—— Fool that I was, to confide in one I had long known for a secret Villain!

Enter Julia.

Jul. Bless us! Good People, what's to do here?

Gripe. Tal, la ral—— Pray, dear, deceitful Nephew *Sanguine*, stay to take *Julia* along with you——

[Sings and dances about.]

Sang. Am I awake, ye Gods! who in the Name of Hell have I here?

Charl. An old Acquaintance, my Dear, your once beloved *Charlotte*—— 'Tis but a Piece of Justice you had long promis'd but never design'd to perform.

Sang. This I owe to you, Sir. *[To Medium.]*

Med. And this, I'm indebted to you for. *[Shows Charlotte's Letter to Julia.]* This was a conspicuous Instance of your private Friendship—— Ah, *Sanguine*! wou'd you be truly happy, learn to be honest.

Sang. You'll answer this in another Place—— And you, Madam, a principal Agent in the Imposition?

[To Julia.]

Jul. I glory in righting the Injur'd, and chastising the Base—— You have long had Possession of this Lady's Heart, this Gentleman of mine, tho' he did not know it; I hope he will make a better use of the Gift than you were capable of.

[She takes Medium's Hand.]

Sang. Perdition seize you all. *[Exit.]*

Addle. Riddle, riddle me re—— Pray, good People, whose *Charlotte* falls to my Share?

Jaq. What, my Dear, don't you know me?

Addle. Not I, by all that's dear—— Split me, if I do.

Med. How, Mr. *Addle*, not know your old Acquaintance, Mrs. *Jaqueline*? Ha, ha!

Addle. Oh! cry Mercy, dear Madam—— I am Lady *Warble*'s Waiting-woman's most obsequious Servant.

[Bows lowly.]

H

L. Warb.

L. Warb. I assure you, Mr. *Addle*, she's my very near Relation, and you shall find her so in the Provision I intend to make for her.

Gripe. Ouns! but where's the Provision for my Neice?

Rose. I'll resign my Dean'ry to her Husband; that and a Mitre will be a handsom Provision—— Mr. *Bamwell* shall exchange the Bar-Gown for the Lawn-Sleeves. Ha, ha!

L. Warb. Mr. *Gripeacre*, at my Instance, has made more solid Provision for my dear *Dulcissa*—— Here, Cousin *Bamwell*, here's a Present of twenty thousand Pound your Uncle makes you—— Mr. *Gripeacre*, 'tis but one third of what you design'd for your younger Children. Ha, ha, ha! [*Gives Bamwell a Paper.*]

Bam. A Bond seal'd and witness'd—— My good, generous Uncle, I thank you most heartily—— Ha, ha!

Rose. What pity you wou'd sign without the Aid of your friendly Spectacles! Ha, ha!—— But 'twas beneath a vigorous Lover to betray any Defect—— Ha, ha, ha!

Gripe. O! that a certain *Swedish* Law was in force here to rid us of the lecherous Leeches in black—— [*Going.*]

Char. Nay, I swear Guardian, you shall 'quire me to my Husband—— 'Tis much an honest Office than that you practis'd when you introduc'd him to me for sordid Gain. [*Takes his Hand.*]

Gripe. Away Minx—— [*Exit.*]

Exp. So—— The Enemies to publick and private Virtue being put to shameful Flight, 'tis but just that the General who commanded against them in chief, be recompens'd—— Sister, Mr. *Roseband's* Merit intitles him to your Hand—— Delay not any longer to carry Arms under a Chief you had long since enlisted with—— His Judgment will guide you securely thro' the female, slip'ry Path; and I dare answer for him, he has Good-nature enough to overlook the little Weaknesses of your Sex, and to indulge you in any Pleasures a reasonable Woman wou'd wish to take.

L. Warb. I believ'd it all when I mortgag'd my Heart to him—— Come, Sir, [*Takes his Hand.*] Since my Brother

ther advises I shou'd part with the Equity of Redemption, 'tis fit I put you in possession of the Premises——I assure you, the Estate is improveable; and tho' I have, for some time, suffer'd it to be over-run with the modish Weeds of Travelling and Musick, I now promise you seriously to set about rooting 'em up to make way for Piety, Huswifry, Oeconomy and ev'ry other female Virtue, which gives true Lustre to our Sex——My dear *Dulcissa*, if you had journey'd thro' the whole Circle of false Pleasures as I've done, you wou'd find, as I do, that true Happiness consists not in indulging a false, fashionable, vicious Taste——Avoid Extremes, my Dear; and remember that conjugal Affection, Obedience and a strict Observance of religious Duties are what endear us to Man, and render us worthy of Heav'n.

Exp. Ah, *Julia*! Ah, my Child! The Comfort of my Old-age! Take Example by your Aunt that now is: Convince that Gentleman, that old *English*, female Virtue, tho' fatally clouded of late by the enormous Import of foreign Vices, is not quite rooted up from amongst us——And you, Sir, shew the World by your Conduct, that we have still Men amongst us, who dare steddily assert the glorious Cause of Liberty 'midst the Wiles of nominal Patriots.

[*To Medlum.*]

So shall you raise your self immortal Fame,
Transmit, unsoil'd, to distant Time your Name;
Whilst the seduc'd and base, seducing Elf,
Precariously possess their ill-got Pelf.
Scorn'd by the virtuous few, and curs'd by All,
Detested, live, and unlamented fall.



EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. ROBERTS in the
Character of Lady Warble.

I Know there will be two Objections found
To my Theatric Conduct—first, to Sound—
From Dames of Taste she can expect no Favour,
Who for an Anthem leaves Italian Quaver.
Yet, this I'm sure, the Ladies must believe,
That what I wanted—Eunuchs cou'd not give:
Musick may charm the strict attentive Ear,
But ne'er affect the Sense we hold most dear.
Ah Ladies!—cou'd in that, Italians please
Cuckolds, and Warblers wou'd alike increase,
And Gifts to Farinelli never cease.

The second Charge is, that of all Mankind,
I to a Parson shou'd be most inclin'd;
But 'tis well known they oft convince the Fair,
How pleasant some of their Instructions are;
Their Words are melting—their Persuasion strong,
Their Evening Lectures cannot be too long;
And sure that Woman cannot go astray,
Who has a Guide to teach her Night and Day.

You have heard, Sirs, my Excuse—and now you
Voice——

Can any one give more Reasons for her Choice?
Faith, I think not—My Man's a Man of Merit;
Parsons, believe me, are not all o'er Spirit.

If after this, you'd hear how Matters go——
Come hither, every Night—and you shall know.

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